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Emmett
Watson.

How's Your Conscience? Pay Your Dues!

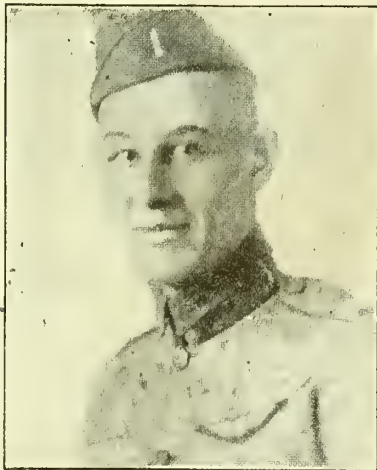
The Amazing Success of E. C. Kardoff

How He Learned to Make Big Money and Built a Permanent Business in 14 Months

By Frederick Keith

"Sit down and smoke," said Kardoff, as he put another record on the phonograph.

I sat down on the comfortable couch and looked around. His house looked prosperous and was nicely furnished. The rug was new and there were three or four pieces of furniture that hadn't been there on my last visit. It was nearly a year since I had seen him and he hadn't looked so prosperous then. The dinner, too, had been nice. Come



E. C. KARDOFF

to think of it, Mrs. Kardoff was well-dressed, and his two rollicking boys—husky youngsters—had that healthy, happy look that children wear when Pop has the price for what they want.

"I know what you're thinking about," he said. "It was not like this last year, was it?" I shook my head. "Tell you something, Fred," he said, "I used to think I was a good salesman, and I know that a good salesman can always make money. Get me? Always. But I was looking every day for the thing that could make me a big pile of money every week. I knocked around selling everything from needles to washing machines, making \$200 one week and nothing the next four weeks. Sort of a gambler's luck existence, 'chickens one week, and feathers the next.' The family lived regularly on old Doctor Hard Luck's prescription—lots of work, little fun, one week of joy, four weeks of gloom, shake well and look for another job.

"But you can't get fat on that. About

the tail end of last summer I ran across Bill Nestor. Bill usually did just about as well as I did. Whenever we'd meet we'd trade hard luck stories, cuss the world and move along. This time, tho, Bill looked different. 'How come!' I said, 'and why the glad rags?'"

"I'll buy your lunch while I tell you," he said, and of course I was glad to accept. I was curious to hear more about his good luck. 'I'm selling tailored to measure suits for J. B. Simpson,' he said.

"To make a long story short, the next day we ran into Chicago. Bill introduced me to the sales manager—a pleasant chap who'd been through the school of hard knocks himself. He knew my troubles about as well as I knew 'em, and he listened sympathetically while I told him about myself. 'We have lots of men,' he said, 'who have gone thru just what you did and are now making good with us.' Two or three of them came in while we were talking so I got a chance to talk it over with men who were actually making money. The upshot of it was that I undertook to go out and see what I could do.

"I called on my friends first, naturally figuring this would be easiest. The first week I didn't do so well, but enough to justify my sticking. The next week was a little better. The third was much better and the fourth week proved to me that I at last had the right thing.

"I was calling on strangers now, and the orders were coming with much greater ease and regularity than when they came from my friends. At the end of the year I had worked up a splendid business of my own.

"When I go back now to see people to whom I previously sold suits they are glad to give me repeat orders. They are pleased with the high quality of the garments I sell, the splendid style, perfect fit and superior workmanship, and that's all a man can ask, no matter what the price he pays, and mind you Fred, many of these customers had been paying \$75 to \$100 for suits. Now I have built a repeat business that belongs to me, because I know the people I have sold to and have earned their friendship. The outfit itself is so simple that almost anybody can make sales from it—it sells the goods all by itself. I'll show it to you."

He went into the next room and came

back with the sample case. When it was opened, I saw over 100 samples of as fine cloth as I had ever seen, handsome serges, beautiful patterns in cassimere and worsteds, each about 6 x 9 inches. There were measurement blanks a-plenty, style books, illustrations, etc.—it seemed to be a regular walking tailor shop. I became interested, and the thought struck me that I might just as well get a suit of clothes from Kardoff as from anybody else, and I said so. He smiled. "That's about the way the sample outfit sells everybody," he said. "One look and the man is half sold and when he begins to finger the samples, he's gone. I get the order and add one more permanent customer to my list."

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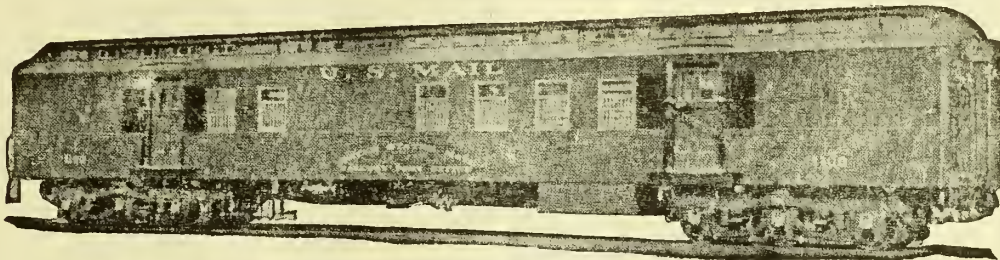
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PAGE 5

Martinelli

By John R. Tunis

THIS is a true story. I know that a remark of this sort is always likely to bring jeers from the sidelines, but except for the name of the man himself, every word is the truth—so much so that probably some of those who read are going to recognize Martinelli, even under the new name of my selection.

We met at Fort Slocum toward the end of November, 1917. Fort Slocum at that time was a weird place, overcrowded, full of recruits who were daily sent away in large numbers while even larger numbers arrived by every train. We were assigned to the same detachment, and shivering in those cold mornings while doing police duty around the barracks together, I learned Martinelli's story.

He came from a little town in Connecticut, came chiefly because he was obliged to. I liked him because he made no bones about the fact that he had enlisted to escape the draft; indeed, a less warlike person it would have been hard to imagine. He was short, fat, with a round Italian face and black eyes, a tailor by trade, and more than anything in the world he feared war. The harsh commands of the officers, the harsher commands of the sergeants, the very bugles in the early morning would cause him to tremble. I did not wonder that he had enlisted with the idea of escaping active service, nor did I marvel when he told me that he was slated for the 110th Engineers as regimental tailor. In proof of which he pulled from his inside pocket a paper which read: "This man is a tailor. Send him to the 110th Engineers."

It was signed by some lieutenant, evidently the man who had enlisted him. I knew enough about the Army to realize that his chances of seeing the 110th Engineers were slight, but I never told him that. Perhaps it was just as well, for he pinned a quiet, serene faith to that piece of paper, although the reception he got from the sergeant in charge of our detachment was to say the least not very hopeful. Yet he was sure he was going to the 110th Engineers.

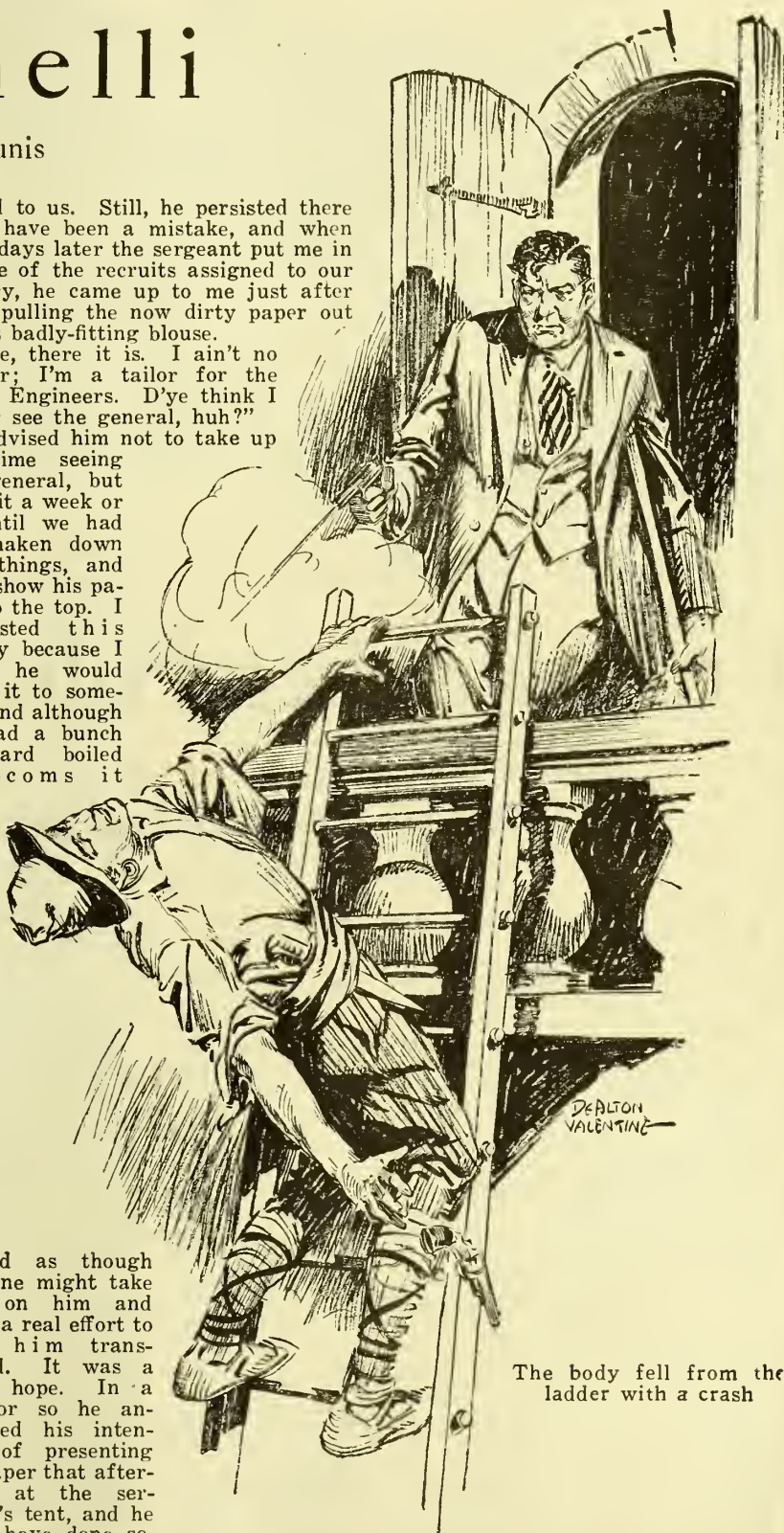
When two weeks later we left the north and, after a two days' journey, drew up in Camp Greene, North Carolina, Martinelli was sure he had arrived. So he had, but in the 16th Field Artillery of the Fourth Division, and not in the engineer outfit he had hoped to be with, and his face was strangely twisted as we piled into the tents as-

signed to us. Still, he persisted there must have been a mistake, and when some days later the sergeant put me in charge of the recruits assigned to our battery, he came up to me just after drill, pulling the now dirty paper out of his badly-fitting blouse.

"See, there it is. I ain't no soldier; I'm a tailor for the 110th Engineers. D'ye think I better see the general, huh?"

I advised him not to take up his time seeing the general, but to wait a week or so until we had all shaken down into things, and then show his paper to the top. I suggested this merely because I knew he would show it to someone, and although we had a bunch of hard boiled non-coms it

seemed as though someone might take pity on him and make a real effort to have him transferred. It was a faint hope. In a day or so he announced his intention of presenting his paper that afternoon at the sergeant's tent, and he must have done so,



The body fell from the
ladder with a crash

for I noticed that he limped slightly when he came out for retreat that evening.

We led a hard life that winter in the mud and cold of Camp Greene. It was pleasant for no one; for the recruits it was worst of all. We had enlisted just before the draft, and "draft dodgers" was only one of the milder terms applied to us daily, while ninety percent of our waking time was spent in the battery stables. For everyone it was difficult; for Martinelli it was worse than for anyone else, because it was soon discovered that he was afraid, and his weakness was the shaft that edged many a sorry joke those long winter afternoons. If the worst horse had to be groomed, he was given the job; if an especially nasty spell of guard duty fell to our lot, he would invariably be given the cheerful hours between two and four in the morning. To make things worse, he was clumsy, awkward, unadaptable; made a mess of everything, was usually late for drill and reveille, was last on the chow line—a sorry soldier, making things daily harder for himself, and not receiving much help from the battery, who used him as a butt for jokes that were not calculated to soothe his soul.

Meanwhile during those four months he must have thrust that paper at me at least once a week.

"But I ain't supposed to be here, corporal. I'm a tailor for the 110th Engineers, see?" Each time I would tell him to have patience, ask him to do his best while he was with us, suggest that transfers took a long time to

come through. And then, with an air almost of tenderness, he would fold up the paper, now dingy and almost unreadable, and put it away in his blouse.

Then came the sudden orders, the hurried packing, the train journey north amid tooting whistles, and before long we were on the water and soon we were debarking at Brest. A month's training in the south of France, and early one morning in line for chow I saw Martinelli blanch at a shout from headquarters company. We were off for the front!

We went into action a few days later

OUR OWN ROGUES' GALLERY No. 2



JASPER J. BUTTERBOY. In spite of a college education, he doesn't seem to know how to read. Anyway, his post adjutant has written him four times that his 1923 dues are due, and Jasper has ignored every letter. To be fair to Jasper it must be assumed that he is illiterate. Otherwise he would have

Paid his dues for the year.

on the Vesle. A division was just coming out after being pretty badly cut up, and for raw troops we passed some sights that were not pleasant as we went into the line. The Boche was standing on the Vesle and fighting, and we rushed the guns in under cover of night and established battalion headquarters in an old farmhouse in the middle of a wood, supposedly out of sight of observation. Martinelli had been made a runner chiefly because he was no good anywhere else, and he was around the farm that first morning when the Boche took occasion to open up with G. I. cans.

Remember it was our first moment in action, remember also that it was almost the first time we had heard heavy pieces go off, and imagine how we felt as the shells kept coming distinctly nearer and nearer. Even the major whitened a little, while Martinelli became suddenly rigid, and then, without thinking, reached into his pocket and handed me the stained, creased piece of paper.

"S-see, corporal, I ain't supposed to be here at all; I'm a tailor for the 110th Engineers—" The crash of a big one bursting outside the room shook the building, and things falling off the table and the walls interrupted his words. Tensely we waited for the next shell. And the next one never came. Our friend the Boche was through for a while.

Martinelli was trembling all over in a fright terrible to see. He was so scared that the paper he still held ex-

(Continued on page 25)

From Kitchen Police to General

Business Gained a Good Soldier When James G. Harbord Took Off His Two Shoulder Stars

By Herbert B. Mayer

"**Y**OU got all them spuds peeled already? Huh!"

Results are results and not to be denied, and yet the official hash slinger of Company A, Fourth Infantry, was amazed.

His canny old eyes had witnessed many astonishing things, but never in five long hitches anything so astounding as this. In sheer bewilderment he gazed from the recruit to the great iron pot of peeled potatoes and back again, pausing with open mouth as his wide eyes lighted on the blue drillbook in the young man's hand.

This was too much—too, too much. The cook, overcome by a sense of awe, was mute. Words are feeble things to connote one's sensations in the presence of a miracle. With eyes bulging out and knees trembling from emotion the cook realized that from Heaven or elsewhere had come to him the first, last and only perfect K. P. the Army had ever known. On tiptoe he sought the top kick.

"Top," he gasped. "Top, that new rookie—the tall one, y'know!"

"What in hell has he been up to?" growled the top.

"Up to?" the cook bubbled over with

the news. "Why, damme, he's peeled the whole day's allowance for potatoes in two hours! He's scoured all the pots. He's got all the fires going. He's run hisself clean out of work and—and,"—the cook's voice rose on the climax—"and—he's studying drill regulations now, s'help me Gawd!"

This was serious. Never in the long history of ancient and honorable K. P.'s had an event such as this occurred. It was contrary to tradition and to the code of the clan.

But the top was a wise man. He had seen 'em come and watched 'em go. He had his own way of dealing with such prodigies as might occasionally come under his observation and treatment. His decision was instant.

"Well, if he's so damn good keep him on the job for a month. Guess that'll cure you of your growling for that long anyhow."

And as a consequence of the dictum of the top, for one solid month of thirty long and dreary days the roster of Company A, Fourth Infantry, bore this notation:

"Recruit Harbord (J. G.)—Kitchen Police."

That was in January, 1889, in old

Fort Spokane in Washington Territory. That month was a hard one even in the old Army, which was used to hard and bitter days. The entire command rose at four a. m., and as breakfast was served shortly afterward, Recruit Harbord (J. G.) did himself the honor, as the French say, of turning out at two a. m. Snow was five feet deep even on the parade ground. It was so cold that none of the men drilled—except Recruit Harbord. In order that he might miss nothing in the way of work the top saw to it that the tall young man for two hours daily was turned out for special instruction under a hard-lunged corporal. In those days the Old Soldier was supreme—the recruit was lower than the company dog until well beyond his second hitch; along about the middle of his third enlistment he began to be considered a member of the outfit—on probation.

The orderly room was distinctly a place to stay away from. The top kick was a mighty and mysterious being. Seldom, indeed, was the face of the company commander beheld by mortal soldier of his outfit—like Allah, he conducted its destinies from afar off.

An Irish company clerk gave Har-

bord his first chance to enter the orderly room. Passing this mystic place on one occasion Harbord heard the clerk's voice raised in anguish in the following declamation:

"Fer one cint I'd take an axe an' break yez up! Fer two cints I'd throw yez in the river, and fer three cints I'd tell the Ould Mon to take yez to hell wid him!"

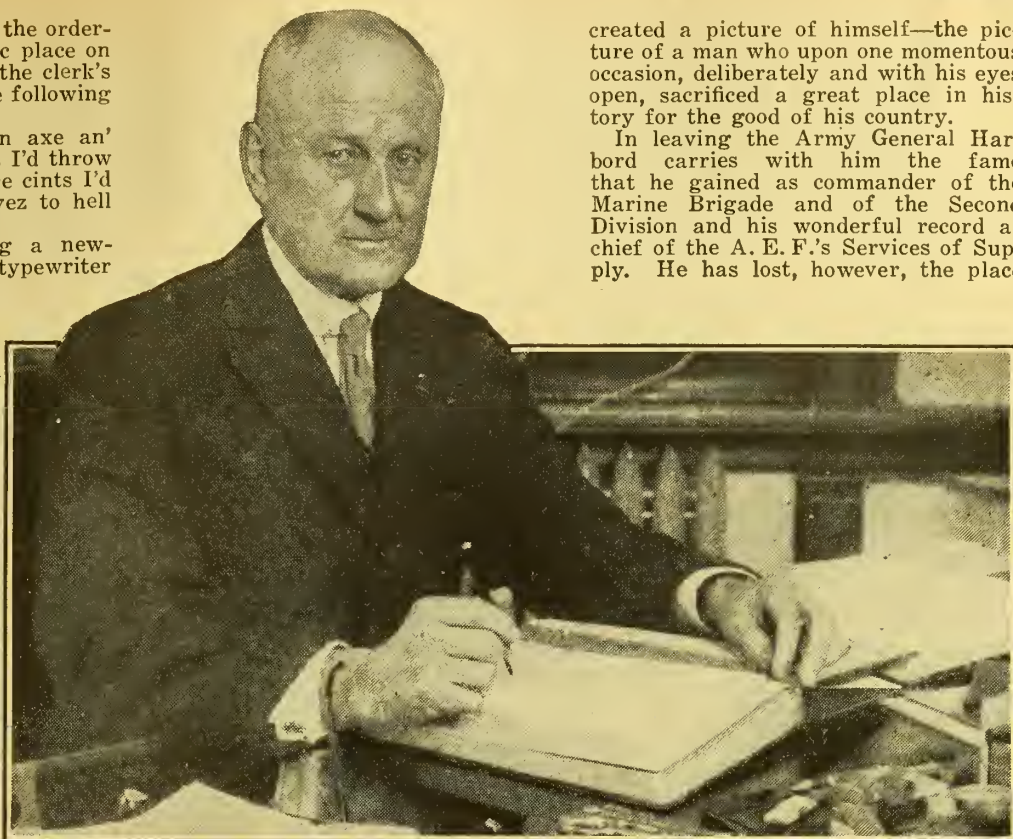
The clerk was addressing a new-fangled machine called the typewriter which had just appeared in the Army. Harbord had mastered its wrinkles while working himself through Kansas State Agricultural College. He offered to help.

Amazed, the clerk watched Harbord work. Then he sought the top kick, and dragging him with him, pointed out the result and voiced once more his oft-voiced plea:

"Kin I go back to straight soldierin' now? You've got him—kin I go back?"

"Go back?" The top's voice rose. "Hell, man, you've been back to straight duty five minutes now."

Thus did Harbord get his first chance. In those old hard days when promotion was dead-ly slow he made the grade up to quartermaster sergeant in two and a half years. He became a commissioned officer in his first hitch—a most unusual record. His subsequent career has been equalled by few men in our or any other Army, and quite recently, on top of all his other honors, Congress passed a law to enable him to succeed General Pershing as Chief of Staff. But the Radio Corporation of America offered him its presidency and General Harbord has accepted. While he made no statement to that effect, it is known that recent anti-army legislation by Congress influenced his decision to a large extent. Under prevailing circumstances he is known to feel that he has done all that he could for the Army. His letter of application for retirement hints of this:



created a picture of himself—the picture of a man who upon one momentous occasion, deliberately and with his eyes open, sacrificed a great place in his history for the good of his country.

In leaving the Army General Harbord carries with him the fame that he gained as commander of the Marine Brigade and of the Second Division and his wonderful record as chief of the A. E. F.'s Services of Supply. He has lost, however, the place



James G. Harbord at his desk as president of the Radio Corporation of America and as a sergeant in Company A, 4th Infantry, thirty-three years ago

"Whenever occasion has offered during my nearly thirty-four years of service I have been an advocate of opportunity for the younger men of the Army.

"At this time of elimination by Congressional action of hundreds of officers from the career to which they dedicated themselves I feel that my retirement, thus saving some man to the Army who otherwise would be lost to it and affording promotion for younger officers for whom I step aside, is but consistent."

It is just that—consistent—with Harbord's entire record of faithful service to country. Indeed, quite unconsciously in this very human letter the General has

which might have been his as commander of the first army which America sent into action in the World War. And he retires as major general; had he not made the sacrifice there is no doubt that he would be a permanent lieutenant general today.

Harbord's sacrificial hour came just after his first moments of triumph. He had accompanied his friend and chief, General Pershing, to France as a lieutenant colonel and had been made colonel and Chief of Staff, A. E. F. Pershing knew Harbord and Harbord knew Pershing—they had soldiered together as lieutenants in the 10th Cavalry years before. Shortly after fighting appeared imminent Harbord at his own request was relieved as Chief of Staff and sent to command the Marine Brigade of the Second Division. Fortune at first favored him. The Marines at Belleau Wood gained not only a great victory but, through an accident by which they escaped the blight of censorship, the first publicity given any fighting units in the war. The prestige of the encounter gave Harbord his major generalcy and command of the Second Division. It was an open secret that General Pershing had him in mind for command of the yet to be organized First Army. The way to undying fame as a great military leader, to promotion and to a substantial place in the hearts of his countrymen lay just ahead.

Then, in July, 1918, came Soissons. Owing to our chronic national flair for unpreparedness few officers had had so large a command as a division. But no veteran general of a great European army displayed a greater nonchalance than Harbord. The night before the attack, he, like a careful commander, moved toward the front to check his dispositions in person.

The French somehow had failed to

bring up most of the men in the camions. Indeed, the drivers and their officers had caused many of the troops to disembark many kilometers back of the spots designated and had thus forced the men to move forward without guides. Harbord found the roads jammed, blocked with a mass of men and material moving slowly—oh, so slowly—toward the front.

After a certain point had been reached Harbord's car was unable to progress. It was raining. Thunder added to the uproar. Occasional German shells and bombs added to the din, danger and discomfort. He reached the front, checked the dispositions, and satisfied that in the main these were correct, returned to his headquarters, reaching there at three in the morning. He waited only to hear the first sound of the guns and to receive a report that the last troops had reached the line by double-timing three hundred yards.

"It is on the knees of the gods," he said, "and I can help no longer."

Then he slept. When he awoke he received the news of the developing victory with composure. "Hated to sleep when the men were working," he afterward remarked. "But a played-out general could not have done them any good, could he?"

Returning after the division had been relieved at Soissons, General Harbord found a telegram awaiting him from General Pershing. It was laconic—as usual.

"Come to Chaumont at once."

Harbord drove five hours to his chief's château in Chaumont. He found Pershing pacing the floor. Extending a message toward him, Pershing said, "Look at this."

Harbord read it. It was a cable from Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War. It suggested that General George T. Goethals of Panama Canal fame be made chief of the Services of Supply and that the S. O. S. be brought under control of Washington.

"If this is carried out it will mean the end," said General Pershing. "If control of the S. O. S. passes to Washington it will mean we will be unable to get our supplies—it will be a case of the tail wagging the dog, and the poor dog will die."

General Pershing paused.

"Harbord, I know how greatly you will be called upon to sacrifice yourself if you do this. I dislike to ask you to, for I know what command of troops means to you. But the S. O. S. has been failing to meet the situation. It has shipped fewer supplies this month than it did last. You are the only man over here who can organize it and get it on its feet.

"Frankly, if you do it it will mean the end of your great opportunity with troops. It may even mean that you will never be a lieutenant general, but unless you take this S. O. S. over and get it on its feet it may well mean that the war will be lost. Without my supplies under my own command I cannot progress. Even the slightest interruption of effort at this time will prove fatal. I dislike to ask the sacrifice, but—"

General Harbord interrupted.

"It is not a question of my personal wishes or prospects. You are my chief. Your confidence in me has given me whatever opportunity I have had. I

will gladly make any sacrifice that may be required."

General Pershing placed a hand on General Harbord's shoulder.

"I thought that would be your reply," he said quietly. "I knew it would be, but the decision is too grave a one to ask any man to make on the instant. Go to bed and sleep over it and let me know your final decision in the morning."

In the morning General Harbord sought the chief again.

"My mind is as it was last night," he said. "I'll take it."

This was on July 28th. Had General Harbord not made this sacrifice, had Washington control of the S. O. S. been effected, we should certainly have wasted many more months in combat. It was the great weight in supplies

"My Most Thrilling Experience"

MAYBE you got to France, and up in the Argonne, or down on the Vesle—or possibly in peaceful Paris—you and Adventure got to be good pals. And maybe you didn't. Maybe November 11, 1918, found you five thousand miles from the front lines so that to this day you are still cussing your luck.

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Former buck privates, major generals, K. P.'s., C.'s of S., second class boatswain's mates, executive officers, first luffs, seamen second class—

TELL US ABOUT THAT BIG THRILL!

carried forward by the S. O. S. that made St. Mihiel and the Argonne possible.

Whether Secretary Baker forwarded his historic message merely as a suggestion or whether the idea was seriously contemplated is not known. Either way it brought about Harbord's sacrifice of himself. Pershing's face lit up when he heard his subordinate's answer.

"Thank you. I knew you would. I'll try and get you in command of troops again as soon as possible. Now you go back and turn over your division and meet me in Tours Monday."

Harbord obeyed. The following Monday morning he was duly installed in Tours as Commanding General, Services of Supply. In two hours he was making things hum. Prior to his assumption

of office as chief of the S. O. S. all inspections had been made by automobiles. Harbord gathered together all of his chiefs of branches and took them with him on a special train, which, traveling only at night, reached the base ports in the morning. The train carried telephone and telegraph connections which could be tapped in at any French station. Constant communication was needed, for the S. O. S. was chaotic.

In June, 23,000 tons of freight a day had been handled. In July the amount had dwindled to 19,000 tons a day. Freight was piled up on the wharves and in the warehouses.

With the chief of each service with him at all times Harbord brought about a situation in which it was impossible to make excuses. His table held ten persons. At every port the commanding officer and his staff were invited on board after the trip of inspection. Notes were taken by stenographers of all conversations. Immediate corrective despatches and telephone messages were sent out. In this way work began to take on the efficiency which marked the latter days of the S. O. S. The movement of freight within a few days had jumped up to 33,000 tons. Troops at the front began to feel the force behind them. Contests between supply organizations and the constant impressing upon them that their work was necessary to win the war brought up morale. If the war had not ended when it did Harbord's S. O. S. would have been handling 100,000 tons of freight a day. Indeed, when the Armistice came its organization had been improved to such an extent that without losing a stride it extended itself to Coblenz and carried freight and troops back to the base ports in a steady stream. Summing up the vast results achieved somewhat later, General Harbord smiled quizzically and said: "No man ever missed a meal at the front, but I will confess that some of the meals were a little late—sometimes as much as three or four days late, but they always got 'em."

But there were others who gave higher praise—Pershing, Liggett and Bullard, the three whose forces had received the assistance vital to their success from this man who had sacrificed his own prospects to give this service. And in addition to providing supplies Harbord somehow had managed to turn loose 25,000 of his men for the Argonne drive.

With the S. O. S. functioning smoothly General Pershing at once moved to remedy the loss that General Harbord had voluntarily sustained. Back in the States public and press were acclaiming a lieutenant general who had been created as a result of successful combat operations. Harbord was scarcely remembered save as commander of the Marine Brigade. General Pershing sent in a recommendation for a lieutenant-generalcy for Harbord. Back came the answer that the law permitted only the elevation of commanders of armies to this rank.

In great distress General Pershing sought General Harbord.

"I'll get you your promotion if I have to shift you to a combat army for a week or two in order to swing it," he promised. Then came the Armistice and the end of all promotions. Even

(Continued on page 22)



Keystone photo

A quartet of Greeks sitting on the sidelines in a Graeco-American poolroom and reading about the latest developments in the homeland. Note, however, that whatever these young men may think of Venizelos, they are one hundred percent 1923-model American when it comes to clothes

By Way of Moscow and Berlin

ONE winter night during that memorable first year after the war several men sat around a fire and listened to one who had been investigating the Communist movement in the United States.

"The approach to an understanding of the radical movement at home," he began, "is by way of Moscow, Berlin and points south."

"Of course it is," snapped one of the group. "Those reds have upset Europe and now they're getting ready to upset us. All the foreigners over here are hand in glove with 'em, too."

"Hold on," said the investigator. "Let me—"

"No time for holding on!" sputtered the other man. "Something's got to be done quick. Deport 'em. Shoot a few. Teach 'em they can't ruin this country."

"Now if you'll just shut up until I can explain," pleaded the investigator. "Fact is, you've touched the very point I'm trying to get at—our foreigner is a revolutionist for Europe only. He's making a lot of noise right now, but if you listen you'll discover that most of the cheering is for the downfall of Czarism and Kaiserism."

I recall that old argument now, because what was said about the radical movement applies equally well to the radical foreign language press; the ap-

How Great a Part Does Pure Propaganda Play in the Make-up of Our Foreign Language Press?

By Parkhurst Whitney

proach to an understanding is by way of Moscow, Berlin and points south.

The United States was settled by people who did not like the way things were run in Europe. Englishmen who did not like the fast set that ruled their country in the time of King Charles; Irishmen who did not like Englishmen at any time; Germans who did not like the Junker and his clap-trap about world power or downfall; Poles who would not submit to the German and Austrian and Russian rulers of their ancient kingdom; Russians who hated the Czar and his secret agents and snoopers; Hungarians who resented the dominance of the Hapsburgs of Austria—hardly an element among our polyglot people that did not come here because the Old World pinched them in some tender spot.

They brought their radicalism with them, as did the Pilgrim fathers, but it did not thrive in the new land. Here there was an opportunity to worship God in their own way, a form of government that gave them a chance to

say who should govern, and, most deadly of all foes of discontent, plenty of work at good wages. Radicals and their publications have always had a poor time in America; for years the mildest sort of Socialist was regarded as a demented creature, while in such autocratic countries as Germany he and his kind had formed powerful political groups.

The Socialists who were exiled from Germany after 1870 gave the United States its first radical foreign language newspapers. Karl Marx and Bismarck, working from entirely different directions, gave Socialism a great impetus at that time; they, and not discontent in America, were chiefly responsible for the handful of German papers that expounded the involved doctrines of Marx here more than forty years ago.

Their voices were never heard above the hum of prosperity; indeed the voice of the radical was hardly audible in the land until the World War stirred up all those Old World animosities that lay in the background of the immigrant's memory. Johann Most, a famous German Socialist and an exile, came to Chicago and published the paper that was supposed to have incited the Haymarket riots of 1886, for which eight anarchists were hanged. This was so rare, so unusual an event that it agitated the country at inter-

vals for years. It was a kind of landmark, and was only eclipsed in significance by the assassination of President McKinley—it will be remembered, however, that the foreigner who killed McKinley was a reader of a yellow American newspaper.

I do not mean to skip over the appearance of a genuine discontent in the United States. It did appear when land was no longer free for the asking, and was coincident with our great industrial development. Some students have also attributed its appearance to the change in the character of immigration, in the shift from the races of Northern Europe to Central and Southern Europe. Anyway, the new arrivals settled more and more in our big cities, and in our big cities and throbbing factories industrial radicalism had its birth.

The I. W. W., the Anarchist, the Communist, the Socialist newspaper was with us long before 1914, but the war gave them something to make a real fuss about. They were against the war either because they were pacifistic or because it was not a class war, but the grand outburst came in 1918 with the Revolution in Russia and continued to pop noisily for some time thereafter.

A Jewish journalist sharing the throne, so to speak, with one other man in the land of the Czar and the home of the pogrom! A little harness maker at the helm left so hurriedly by Wilhelm of Germany! Ancient Poland pieced together like a picture puzzle and ruled by a pianist! A flock of new little states plucked from the claws of the Austrian eagle and the Russian bear! Hey, comrades, the rule of the proletariat is here! Let's shoot the works and make it unanimous!

It is a fact that the Russian revolution in its first period was regarded by its authors as the beginning of world-wide revolution. The United States was not overlooked. The first adherents of Bolshevism in this country were anything but numerous, but propagandists appeared and did what they could against the day when Wall Street and Washington would go into the hands of a receiver for the common man. International propaganda headquarters was established in Berlin under Karl Radek, one of the Russian leaders. Communist news was distributed from the Wilhelmstrasse to all the editors in the world who waited for the millennium. Newspapers sprang up overnight, financed by the comrades, to proclaim the glad tidings.

Now, the black cloud of world revolution did seem to hang close to the ground in those parlous times, but today it must be apparent that the foreign-born population of the United States was regarding developments in the Old World chiefly as the satisfac-

tion of an ancient grudge. Good for Germany! Good for Russia! The kings are dead! Long live the republics, including the United States!

It does not seem unnatural now that the foreign language newspapers were friendly to Lenin and Trotzky in the first days of the revolution. The ancient oppressors had gone, and in their stead were men of the people. The new rulers said to the peasants, "Take the land." No message from Russia was calculated to do more to enlist the sympathies of Russians and Ukrainians in the United States; practically all of them came here because the land that they considered their own

confiscations of foreign language publications.

These prosecutions and confiscations did not so much affect Bolshevism as win considerable sympathy for the so-called alien radical and make all foreign-born citizens suspicious of future efforts at Americanization. Besides, time and circumstance were working out the fate of Bolshevism more certainly than all the raids that could be devised.

Officials of the Department of Justice tell me that in 1919-20 there were published in the United States, in American and foreign languages, 222 radical periodicals. After the period of government

raids the number dropped to 113. It may be that governmental activity was responsible for this sharp decline, but I think there is another and more potent explanation. Lenin and Trotzky did not bring about the millennium after all.

Something happened all the way 'round, beginning in the home town of Bolshevism itself. As soon as communication with Russia was restored it became apparent that that country had drained the cup of misery to the dregs. It was not a land of promise; it was a sink of desolation and wretchedness.

Those enthusiasts who left America to help build a government of the com-

mon people in the land of the Czar have begun to write warning letters to their friends and the editors of newspapers in this country. This very morning my newspaper announces that thirty-nine Russian refugees have arrived at Ellis Island; they are said to be the first of a horde that is eager to get away from the millennium and return to some benighted place like America, where meals are served more regularly.

"Stay in America," comes the word from Russia. "There is the land of promise."

When world revolutions seemed a safe bet, an elaborate propaganda bureau was opened in Berlin. Ostensibly it was operated by the Communist International, but the real bosses were at Moscow. Karl Radek, an intimate of Lenin and Trotzky, was put in charge. Editorials and news were to be released to sympathetic newspapers throughout the world. The thought of the masses was to be unified and the day of proletarian rule was to be speeded.

A formidable program, but it has not worked out according to schedule. Between the Bolshevik government and the Communist International there is a widening breach. The practices of Lenin and Trotzky cannot be reconciled to the beautiful theories of the Commune. The idealists fly in horror from the practical politicians who rule Russia as in the good old days of the

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Going Into the Movie Business

THE American Legion has acquired exclusive distribution and exhibition rights to the motion picture play, "The Man Without a Country," based on Edward Everett Hale's classic story of American patriotism, with Arnold Daly playing the title role of Philip Nolan. Arrangements have been made to have the film shown under Legion auspices by posts throughout the country. Wherever Legion Posts have shown the film it has stirred communities deeply, and the first showing has invariably resulted in greatly increased audiences at later showings, many persons wishing to see the play a second time.

Distribution of the picture in cities of more than 45,000 population will be conducted by H. S. Boynton of Chicago. Arrangements for the showing of the picture in cities of less than 45,000 will be made by The American Legion Film Service at National Headquarters of the Legion in Indianapolis, from whom information may be obtained by post officials contemplating booking the film.

Proceeds from the showing of the film will be divided with posts which arrange for its exhibition and a percentage of the profits will go to the national organization to be used principally in aiding the disabled and carrying on Americanism activities.

had been seized by the landed gentry.

Then the continuous military interventions in Russia had the effect of rallying her sons to their country "right or wrong." The successful repulse of attempts to restore the old order—the ventures of Kolchak, Denikin and Wrangel—strengthened those sympathies with the new government. Finally, the active sympathizers were joined by a mass of people who were not at all radical, but who believed that the Bolshevik government had come to Russia to stay.

The effect on the foreign language newspapers was, of course, instant; not only did the circulation of the Bolshevik organs increase, but practically the whole Russian press had to accept, with regard to Russia, the Bolshevik point of view. In the latter part of 1920, the bulk of Russian immigration in this country was Bolshevik—but only so far as Russia was concerned. Instead of preparing for the revolution in America, they were preparing, many of them, to return to the new land of promise.

Unfortunately, there was little appreciation in the United States at that time of this natural interest of the foreign-born. The passions of war were still loose in the land. Many well-meaning but badly-scaured patriots, led by government officials, feared that the foreign language newspapers were inciting revolution at home. Thus began the period of raids, deportations and



The business section of Astoria, Oregon, as it looked after the fire of last December

In the Hour of Desperate Need

The Local Legion Rises to the Occasion as Flames Level the Center of Astoria, Oregon

WHEN one of the worst disasters in Pacific Northwest history ate the heart out of Astoria, Oregon's oldest and third richest city, a few weeks ago, the flames that laid waste thirty-four blocks, destroying more than ten million dollars' worth of property, could not eat out the soul of the city. The American Legion was there.

The Legion was there. It was summoning relief and administering relief when it came. It was organizing civilian guards to keep law and order, and directing the guard when it was organized. It was the Legion that coordinated most of the relief committees in their work. It was Legionnaires who led Boy Scouts in the job of their lives.

This is not the story of the fire. The fire came, as was said, and laid waste thirty-four blocks in the central part of a city of sixteen thousand. It drove thousands of prosperous residents of a prosperous little port out of their homes. Then it burned their homes. The townspeople were not only homeless, but without food. When along came the Legion. This is a story about a Legion post—and the post's protégé, a Boy Scout troop.

Even as the fire was still eating its way from street to street, Commander G. A. Murphey of Clatsop Post of the Legion, with a field transmitter and a receiver hooked into the telephone toll lines by Legionnaire Don Woodward (who had learned telephones in France), was calling Portland, a hundred miles away, from the municipal

Legionnaires, acting as guards for the burned city, gather about a warm spot downtown



court room in the City Hall. At Portland he got George A. White, who acted as adjutant of The American Legion at the meetings back in Paris in 1919.

"You can have what we've got," said Mr. White, who is now Oregon's Adjutant General. "Two rolling kitchens, some field ranges, blankets, cots and 180 National Guardsmen are ready in the Armory here."

The situation called for the kitchen, for the three hundred blankets, cots, some cooks and some K.P.'s, the Astoria Legionnaires told the Adjutant General. But no guards. The Legion could stand guard.

The men and materials arrived late that night—the night after the fire. Meantime the mayor of Astoria had

called a mass meeting. Service Officer Hoskins of Astoria Post told the town that the Legion could handle the guard problem with the aid of the regular police force and a few sailors from the Coast Guard Cutter *Algonquin*. So Hoskins got the job of handling the guard. And perhaps it didn't help when that meeting was told that kitchens and beds were on their way to the town! Post Commander Murphey was asked to take charge of supplies. The Rev. William S. Gilbert, past department commander of The American Legion in Oregon, was made general chairman of the city's emergency committee. Thus was utilized the needed military knowledge of the men who had

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EDITORIAL

For God and Country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to Constitution of The American Legion.

Inevitable

ROGER BABSON, one of the widely recognized prophets of American business, has issued his annual prediction, in which he answers the question, asked in his first sentence, "What is going to happen in 1923?" In the course of a column and a half summary of anticipated developments published in newspapers in all sections of the country, he remarks:

The soldiers' bonus probably will be enacted, although no agreement as to the terms or means of raising the money has yet been made. It is improbable that there will be any increase in the amount of business taxes.

Taken in connection with recent optimistic utterances by both Secretary Mellon and President Harding on the condition of the country's finances, Mr. Babson's prediction is significant. It is only a short year since spokesmen of business generally mentioned the adjusted compensation proposal only with such qualifying adjectives as "impossible" and "unthinkable."

The End of the Journey

BY the time this appears in print it is probable that the Stars and Stripes will no longer be waving from the precipice of Ehrenbreitstein. America will be out of Germany, out of France (except for a small Graves Registration unit), out of Europe—back again from the wars. What the true significance of this step will be, whether it is diplomatically sound, whether any other solution was possible in view of recent critical developments in Europe and, if so, what solution—these are questions which time and history need not answer immediately. But one great historical fact does stand forth clearly—the last of the A.E.F. is coming home.

It was not officially designated as the A.E.F.—some-one preferred to call it American Forces in Germany—but A. E. F. it was by heritage, by tradition, by evolution, to a large extent by composition. Certainly it was American, certainly it was an expedition, certainly it was a force, albeit a tiny one in comparison with the two million men who were its forerunners.

And now it is coming home. The adventure is ended. The kings have long since departed—now it is the captains' turn, to say nothing of the bucks' and General Allen's. A chapter is written. What the next chapter will be, and whether or not it shall be written in blood, no man knows.

Destiny does not operate on an even-date system—not everyone can, like Shakespeare, die on his own birthday. It would have made a mildly happier ending, perhaps, if the American troops on the Rhine could have stayed until next May, rounding out thereby six full years of actual American military co-operation in the greatest of wars. As it is we must be content with some five years and eight months. It is no small span of time, even in this time-annihilating age. The whole war did not last so long, and there are those among us who will count the world lucky if the peace does.

The American Forces in Germany constituted a diplomatic rather than a military mission. A band of nearly a thousand doughboys supported by ample auxiliaries can, of course, do business on a fairly large scale

if called upon, but this particular band was not on destruction bent. More than all else it represented a manifestation of good will toward men—toward Frenchmen and Englishmen and Italians, and, in no little degree, toward democratized Germans. And by the very token that the men of the A.F. in G. were, by force of circumstances, missionaries rather than soldiers, so does their withdrawal hold a significance far deeper than would the purely tactical shifting of a body of troops ten times their size.

Just what that significance will be in its fulness, time, we have said, must decide. But for the men of 1918 it has a powerful emotional significance right now. The guerre is fini. Save for our dead who stayed over, the gang is at last all here.

False to Its Name

IF a man from Mars or Missouri should ask to be shown the best example on earth of a Bolshevik government running full blast, Russia would be the last country to point out to him. Bolshevik means majority, and government by majority means democracy. Russia today is as far from being a democracy as was Russia in 1860, before the serfs were freed. Russia today is a far closer approach to an absolute autocracy than was the Russia of 1913.

The Vienna *Arbeiter Zeitung*, a Socialist daily, recently took stock of Russia after five years of Bolshevism, and, according to a translation in the *Living Age*, returned a negative verdict. Here are some of its conclusions:

Five years ago the revolution was a soldiers' uprising against war, against the man-crushing juggernaut of militarism; and the destruction of militarism was its essential aim. Today, after five years have elapsed, Bolshevism has ended by restoring the very militarism it destroyed five years ago. . . . Russia's military forces are now organized precisely like those of any imperialist power.

But, a defender might object, Russia must maintain these forces as a safeguard against outside aggression, while holding true to the economic program of communism within her own borders. But does she?

Communism and the pseudo-Socialist distributive organization have been dissolved. Free trade has been legitimized. Banks and exchanges have reappeared. Eight thousand factories and mines have been turned over to capitalist managers. A new bourgeoisie bearing, as it does in every country where inflation and depreciation have run riot, the ugly features of a profiteering class, has developed with uncanny rapidity and has seized control of the business of the country.

In the large view of history Bolshevism will appear as the inevitable pendulum-swing away from the heyday of an equally repugnant Czarism. Bolshevism and Czarism both spell despotism, and along that road the path to heaven upon earth does not lie.

The Foreign Language Press

IN this issue of the Weekly appears the last of three articles on the foreign language press which have merited the careful reading of anyone whose regard for the problem of the immigrant has progressed so much as an inch beyond the ship-'em-all-home stage. The foreign language newspaper is probably the most important single factor in the machinery of Americanization. It is the door through which the newcomer enters into the thought and customs of the land of his adoption—without it he might enter just the same, but surely with great diffidence and uncertainty, and after the lapse of a much greater period of time. There is no royal road to Americanization, no treatise on how to do it in ten easy lessons, no way of ramming the English language down the foreigner's throat. Certainly the man who served overseas can appreciate this fully. For which did he clamor loudest at kiosks and in welfare huts—the latest *Petit Parisien* and *Matin*, or the *New York Herald*, the *Chicago Tribune* and the *Continental Daily Mail*, the "foreign language press" of wartime France?

Keeping Step with the Legion

Ninety Days' Probation

THIS is sort of an exclusive suggestion, but not so very exclusive at that, when you consider the number of posts that it will affect. We know that newly-installed officers will want to start their terms of office with everything shipshape within the post, and that is why we call your attention to one thing that your predecessors in many posts have overlooked.

Has your post secured its permanent charter? A live bunch of Legionnaires want to belong to a permanent post, not one that is operating under what might be termed a rookie charter. And here's the how of it. When an approved application for the organization of a Legion post is received at National Headquarters, a charter is issued, but it is only a temporary charter. The instructions which accompany the charter give the information that the post is put on probation for a period of ninety days, and if during that time sufficient progress is shown, application for a permanent charter may then be filed.

The permanent charter issued over the signatures of the National Commander and the National Adjutant and countersigned by your department officials is handsomely engrossed and is accompanied by a separate membership roll on which the names of your charter members can be inscribed. It is important that you get these two documents and display them in your meeting room. If the necessary application blanks are not in your post files, your department adjutant will be glad to furnish you with a set.

Raising Their Own Ante

WITH a total membership of 127 in 1922, Hayward Barcus Post of Indianapolis, Indiana, thought it was stretching a point when it formed the "Midnight Hundred Club" within the post and set its goal at one hundred renewals by the first of the year. On December 6th they had blown the top off the hundred mark with 140 members signed up for 1923. So they raised the ante another hundred percent.

Here's the plan as reported by Floyd W. Hoover, adjutant of the post:

At our regular business meeting in November we organized a club which we named the "Midnight Hundred Club." All ex-service men were eligible to membership, the only requirement being that they pay three dollars, which paid their dues for the years 1923. The club was to, and does, hold a meeting every Wednesday night, a night distinct from the regular post meeting night. Each meeting we have chow of sandwiches, doughnuts and coffee, and either have a good snappy talk by some speaker or visit one of the many large manufacturing plants that we have here, such as the glass works, the telephone exchange, hosiery mills, etc., in a body. These stunts bring out the men and have proved interesting and instructive—a sort



A Threat

The Circulation Manager says:

"Only four more issues of the Weekly will be sent after this issue to those whose 1923 cards (Weekly subscription record cards) have not been received at this office. The February 23d issue will be the last that can be had without a card."

of know-your-town-tour. Each member of the club constitutes a committee of one on membership.

On the night of our organization, eight buddies came forward and shelled out the three bucks. So we had a start. A joint meeting of the club and the post at our city court room, to be followed by a personally conducted tour through the city jail, was then announced for the following week in special letters to all post members. That brought some thirty additional members into the club.

The Weekly meetings saw the club gradually growing, and the banquet we threw on December 6th put us over the top. To gain our revised objective of one hundred percent increase in membership, eight good prizes were donated by various members of the club which were awarded to the leaders in bringing in members at a big pow-wow which was staged December 29th.

Slicker Photographers

FREQUENTLY, we have been told, Legion posts will have group and individual pictures taken, pay the photographer, and then never see the pictures. The photographer disappears. Consequently, we call attention to a letter from Albert J. Cook, secretary of the Photographers' Association of America, with headquarters at Sewickley, Pennsylvania, which says:

I remember several pictures I paid beautiful francs for in France and never received after I left, although I had given the photographer my address. Publish this in the Weekly and we will get the complaints direct at the office here and then the fur will fly if we can connect up. Sometimes the photographer has made an error or lost the address of the party to whom the photo was to be sent, and in that case we will be glad to co-operate and give the veteran the name of the man who took the picture.

Rushing the Season

FIRST thing we know, winter will be off the boards and spring will be on. Then will come the spring and summer holidays. How celebrate the holidays? The first thing that comes to mind is Memorial Day. If we celebrate Memorial Day right, what will we do?

It may strike you that discussion of Memorial Day at this time is premature, but we've got a good excuse. The Fourth National Convention of the Legion at New Orleans passed a resolution calling for observance of Memorial Day as an occasion on which solemn recognition is due the men who, in different wars of the United States, gave up their lives for their country. In other words, the Legion opposes making Memorial Day, May 30th, a gala day, and favors giving it high consecration. For that reason, post activities on Memorial Day this year most likely will guide communities, and posts that have already conducted their Memorial Day activities along the lines laid down by the convention may have something to say to the posts which have not previously made elaborate plans for the day.

We have on file a pile of accounts of Memorial Day celebrations of the past, but we are anxious to learn if anybody has new ideas for the celebration this year. So in order to get in the new ideas in time to transmit them to other posts, and in order to get other information along the same lines, we are asking:

What is your idea of the best way to celebrate Memorial Day?

How has your post celebrated the day in the past?

How do you like the idea of planting memorial trees as part of the observance of Memorial Day?

Please, gentle readers, be unusually good and tell us. In answering, remember it isn't alone us, the Step Keeper, you will benefit, but eleven thousand posts who may get a brand new idea out of what may look to you like an unimportant detail.

We are especially anxious to hear what posts have to say about the feasibility of celebrating Memorial Day—in part at least—by the planting of Memorial trees.

Hellup!

WE got three letters this week from post officers asking what's the hot dope on lecture courses. Are they successful as a rule? How are they best conducted in big towns? Little towns? What kind of lecturers have the most appeal? How much money can be made from a successful lecture course put on in a medium-sized town?

Frankly, we couldn't answer one of these questions with any great accuracy. So we're passing on the questions. Who'll tell the answers to the Step Keeper? He'll pass on your ideas.

The Mosque Carpet

By Robert J. Casey



"I'll take that one," said Jimmy

IT was no spirit of adventure that lured little Jimmy Clark to Rat Alley by night. It was not as collector or art enthusiast that he stepped diffidently across the threshold of Isaac Markovitz's dingy shop. He stood undecided whether to continue his exploration into the smelly shadows or dart back to the more familiar dangers of the evil street.

Markovitz himself, slant-eyed, oily of tongue and complexion, decided the question by approaching him as a hawk might swoop down upon a chicken.

"Vell?" he inquired with a servility that made Clark shudder. "Vat can ve do for you?"

"I want a rug." Jimmy paused awkwardly. Buying rugs was a new experience for him. He knew that in carpets, as in cigarettes or cotton shirts, there must be grades and styles. But there his knowledge ended. He could not have told a Saruk from a Royal Winton or a Kirmensha from a weave of rags. He looked hopelessly at the array of stock on Markovitz's floor.

"Vat kind you vant?" demanded the proprietor, rubbing his greasy hands together and twisting his mummy-like lips into a grimace intended to be a smile.

"Just a rug," Jimmy replied. "Cheap little rug for a bedroom. I've got five dollars to put into it."

He faltered a little over his financial confession. Although he spent his weary days over a desk in a railroad office and his long nights in the laboratory of a school in chemical engineering, he realized that five dollars was a hopelessly small price for a rug—even for a second-hand rug of the doubtful sort one would expect to find in a Rat Alley shop.

Markovitz shrugged significantly.

"For five dollahs," he stated with dramatic intonation, "you couldn't, you know, get it very mooch."

"I know that," admitted Clark. "But I haven't asked you for very much. If you can't fix me up at that price I'll

have to worry along with a bare floor a little longer."

He experienced a surging resentment against the man who had sent him to such a thieves' hole as this in the first place—Travers Trine, a clerk in a downtown wholesale jewelry house and proud possessor of the front room suite at Mrs. Malachi's boarding house. He had always disliked Trine and his pride was hurt that he should have listened to his glowing descriptions of the bargains to be had in Markovitz's river front den. "A beautiful silky rug of blue and buff," Trine had mentioned. And in all the filthy pile he could discern not a single one of any color even remotely worthy of such adjectives.

He turned toward the door.

"Vait a minute," counseled the oily Markovitz. "Maybe I got it something."

He delved into a disreputable pile of worn and dirty carpetings and threw three or four small squares out where the light gave a faint idea of their appearance.

Jimmy looked at the pile dubiously. It came to him that a clean, bare floor, even on a frosty morning in a chilly boarding house would have points of superiority over a germ-laden rug.

No expert in the weaves of Persia, seeking a bargain in an Oriental bazaar could have looked at the samples offered him with greater care. But there was no Arabian night's romance in Jimmy's selection. He was concerned not so much with pattern, color and texture as with dirt. Dirt was something with which a boarding house career of four years had made him passably well acquainted.

He eliminated at once a gray nondescript of the mid-Victorian period because dog hairs still clung to its scrubby nap and a bit too vividly suggested fleas. A rectangle of faded red he laid aside for the reason that its ancient splendors were marred by a threadbare path where countless footsteps had crossed it. Then suddenly his eye was caught by a bit of blue and buff. It was more in self-defense than through any deception concerning its lack of beauty or deference to the artistic opinion of Mr. Travers Trine that he carried the patch for closer inspection in the light of an arc lamp at the door.

It had seen wear—the evidence was obvious. It was soiled and dusty. But

The second man halted warily. "We want that rug," he declared gruffly

somehow, Clark felt instinctively that it carried a hall mark of gentility that the others lacked. He could find something in the laboratory to clean it and its fine softness would add a bit of luxury to his bare room.

"I'll take this," he said.

Markovitz nodded and grimaced.

"Vill I, now, wrap it up?" he inquired with a trace of geniality in his cracked voice. After all, five dollars was five dollars and not to be had every day through the sale of a rug that most dealers would have had trouble giving away.

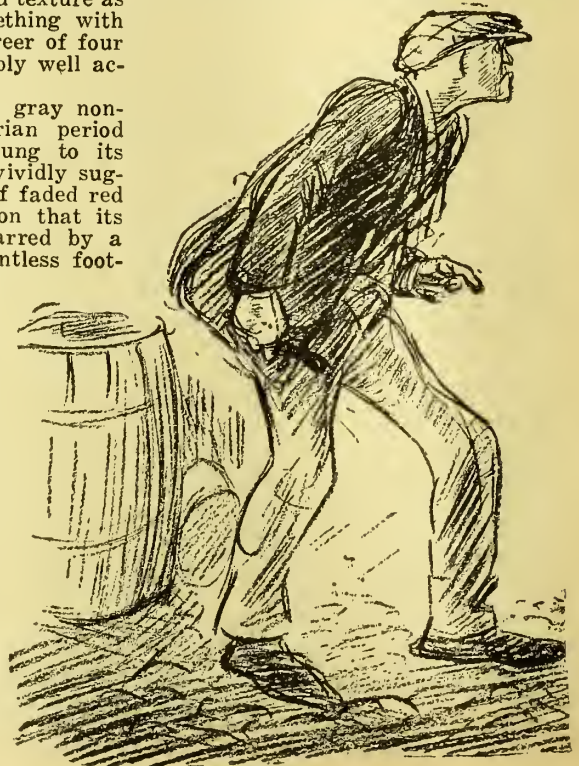
"I'll roll it up and carry it," Clark told him as he dropped the coins into the withered hand.

"Would you like to see it some fine furniture?" The old man spoke perfunctorily, for the financial condition of his customer was obvious.

Jimmy glared at him, gathered up the rug and stepped out into the dark street.

Rat Alley was not the best place in the world for would-be purchasers of rugs. But it had its advantages. It was close to the better rooming house districts, a cancerous growth on a shabby but respectable residential community—a beautiful street for pawnshops of a sort, drug stores of a variety and hotels of a class. It cut off unexpectedly from a boulevard that had once been fashionable, followed the crooked course of the river for some two blocks and ended a shady, smelly career against the dead wall of a big warehouse.

Jimmy was not aware that the spirit of the late Haroun al Raschid stalked at his side as he tucked his rug under his arm and fared forth toward the



of Rat Alley

Illustrations by August Henkel

boulevard and home. He was aware, however, that two disreputable-looking men stared at him strangely as he passed under a street lamp, and that there was nothing romantic in their attentions. He quickened his pace.

A few seconds later the strident voice of Markovitz reached him: "O, Meester, come back!"

But whatever might have been the pawnbroker's intentions, Jimmy Clark had had enough of Rat Alley.

Without turning to see what had caused the commotion, he broke into a run. That his unexplainable fear was well founded was proved immediately by the sound of swift footsteps behind him.

His lack of acquaintance with the quirks of the alley proved his undoing. He took to the middle of the street and followed its windings toward where the lights of the boulevard blazed like a beacon. His pursuers dashed into the open door of a freight shed, out on the opposite side, through a passageway between two tenements, and intercepted him just as he reached the edge of safety.

Jimmy wasted no time in parley. He dropped his faded carpet close to a wall and stood upon it as he faced his pursuers.

"Vill I, now, wrap it up?" inquired Markovitz

suers. Days of confining work had not tended to fit him for battles with thugs but he showed himself willing to meet his obligations. He swung lustily at the first jaw that came within striking distance. His hand tingled cruelly at the impact. The pain shot up his arm like a searing flame. But one of the men gasped and dropped to his knees and the odds were lessened for a time at least.

The second man halted warily. "We want that rug," he declared gruffly.

"Take it," countered Jimmy. Then he raised his arm just in time to receive the stinging blow of a black jack that had been aimed at his head.

The battle was brief. The first thug recovered from his daze and entered the fray with a murderous knife. He lunged forward unsteadily. Then he dropped his weapon and dived back into the impenetrable maw of the alley. His companion stooped in one, last, frantic effort to capture the rug and he, too, took to flight. Policeman Rourke had appeared at the mouth of the alley.

The policeman took Clark's name and ad-

dress. "They get anything?" he asked. "No," answered Jimmy, still more amazed than alarmed at the encounter. "They didn't try to get anything except this carpet."

They carried it to the boulevard and the policeman examined it under the arc lamps.

"They struck you up for this?" he queried incredulously.

"That's what they said. I can't see what they'd want with the thing. I paid five dollars for it second-hand."

Rourke scratched his head.

"Maybe it's one o' them Persian things," he suggested. "Somethin' somebody copped out o' an Indian church." But for all Jimmy's ignorance of rugs he knew that this bit of carpet had nothing in common with "them Persian things." The explanation did not appeal to him.

"I have heard of fanatics who stood ready to kill off whole cities of people to recover sacred prayer rugs," he admitted. "But these men weren't East Indians and just off-hand I'd guess that they weren't much concerned with sacred temples and prayer rugs."

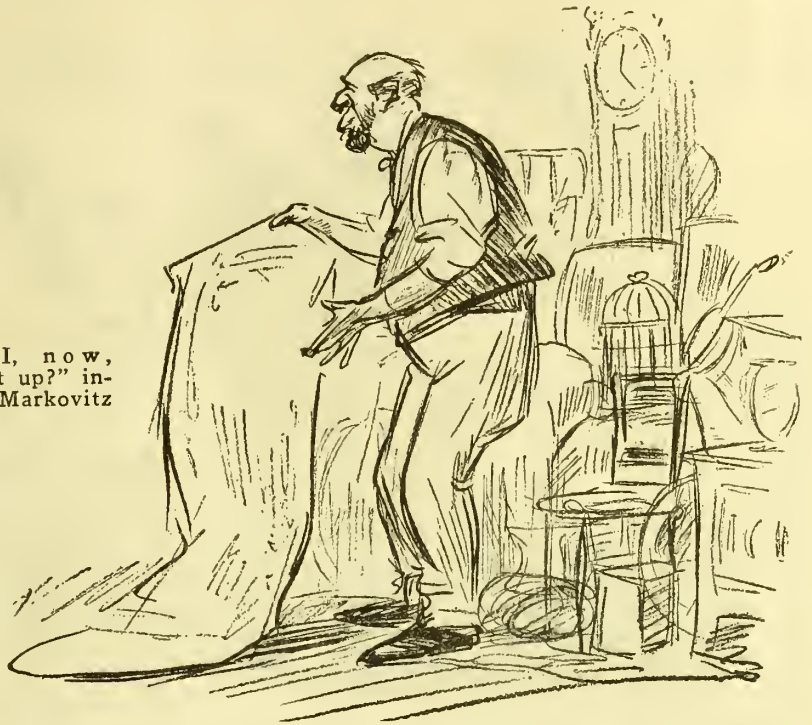
"Maybe." The policeman gave in reluctantly. "But if stickups are working for scraps of second-hand junk I can see that I'm going to have a busy time of it on this beat."

Rourke still clung to his theory after a search of Markovitz's establishment had been fruitless—as Clark had known it would be.

"Let's go down the street a bit to Arak Niljian's and settle the thing. I know Niljian. Right name's Sullivan."

So they went to Niljian's rug bazaar, famous across a continent for the marvels of tapestry and carpet-weaving that found their way into its gilded parlors and for the expert knowledge of its salesmen.

The policeman sought out the proprietor and stated their mission. In a few minutes a jury of experts whose professional services in appraisal would have cost a millionaire collector a pretty fee had assembled in the office to decide what might be the attraction in the





The landlady and a group of stalwart boarders found Jimmy Clark seated upon the blue rug nursing a scratch where a bullet had seared his shoulder

faded blue rug. They laughed when the pitifully worn little rectangle was unfolded before them.

"Did you need an expert to tell you what sort of rug that is?" inquired one. "It's a Wilton about a hundred years old. What's the idea of bringing it in to us?"

Jimmy recounted briefly the events of the evening. The rug men appeared unimpressed.

"Couldn't have been this thing they were after," the amiable Mr. Sullivan declared in support of his experts. "How much did you pay for it?"

"Five dollars," said Clark.

"About three dollars and a half too much," stated the proprietor of Niljian's. "If they really held you up to take that rug away from you, they made a mistake."

Jimmy Clark, thoroughly mystified, gathered up his despised purchase, voiced his thanks and left. The policeman, no less puzzled, followed him to the sidewalk.

"You sure it wasn't a personal grudge made them fellows hop you up?" he inquired with a shade of suspicion, "or that you didn't buy somethin' else from Old Markovitz?"

Jimmy shook his head. "I gave you the straight of it," he replied so simply that even a veteran policeman could not but believe him. "You have my name and address and you can check up on everything I've done for the past year if you care to. I haven't the money to buy things from a fence even if I felt like it. And I'm too busy to get myself tangled up in feuds."

The policeman smiled good humoredly. "I believe you, son," he said. "But there's somethin' more to this than we've had a chance to discover yet. Take my advice an' watch your step. You ain't done with them stickups."

Clark felt that Rourke knew whereof he spoke. In spite of the confidence that is supposed to be a part of the

mental equipment of youth, he was conscious of an unwonted nervousness as he walked quickly northward in the boulevard. The respectability of his surroundings seemed unassailable and there was undeniable security in the evening traffic with which he marched elbow to elbow. But he could not rid himself of the feeling that the adventure that had begun in Rat Alley was still to reach its climax.

His rooming house was one of a class common to all great cities which have felt the effects of the continuous conflict between the homing instinct and the exigencies of commerce. All along the boulevard and in many of the side streets that led off from it perhaps a quarter of a mile from Rat Alley but in much the same manner as that crazy cul-de-sac, were rows of mansions of brownstone and brick—highly ornamental places with iron railed stairs, and fanlights of colored glass over the doors. Tombs, these were, of aristocracy's early history. Millionaires had built these places—Civil War profiteers, manufacturing kings and grain princelings, railroad promoters and retired cattlemen. Their era was gone and so were they. Other millionaires scorned the district that had been their pride. The spread of the city's business encroached upon residential exclusiveness and the home-seeking rich had passed on northward, leaving the splendors of other days to the boarding house keepers.

Jimmy Clark glanced carefully about him before trusting himself to the shadows of his own street. But he saw nothing to cause alarm. It was only as he ascended Mrs. Malachi's front stairs that he noticed a figure dart back into the murk of a passageway not a hundred yards distant.

In the hallway he encountered Travers Trine. The clerk looked at him quizzically.

"What's the excitement?" he inquired

in his best professional tone. "You look all upset."

The calm superiority of Trine which at times had goaded Jimmy Clark to the verge of homicidal mania now seemed strangely soothing. In a night where everything had gone topsyturvy and his humdrum routine had been spiced with attempted bloodshed, mayhem and murder it was a relief to see that Trine remained quite consistently an ass. But Jimmy had not forgotten whence came the cocksure recommendation that had lured him to Rat Alley and there was a note of patent hostility in his voice as he answered.

"Excitement enough. I was held up, slugged and almost robbed on account of the rug I bought in your quaint little den in Rat Alley."

Trine heard him through with smiling skepticism. "Just a chance hold-up, I suppose," was his diagnosis. "None of the rugs I saw at Markovitz's place would be worth a thief's time. Let me see yours, will you? I have had a great deal of experience with *objets d'art*."

His total lack of sympathy, topped by the brazen egotism that had made him Clark's pet aversion, engendered in the amateur rug collector all the antipathies that had existed before Trine became his adviser in carpet buying. He was of half a mind to brush the complacent Mr. Trine aside and climb the three flights to his empty little room without further parley. But a sudden mischievous impulse overmastered him. He dropped the rug to the floor and unrolled it.

Trine gave one look and gasped incredulously. Jimmy, who had been expecting some such display was not impressed. His admiration for Trine, however, increased measurably.

It would have been quite impossible to distinguish between real emotions and those that Clark felt certain Trine

(Continued on page 24)

Our Town Makes an Investment

Seventeen Hundred People Plus Hearty Legion Boosting Equals a \$50,000 Home

By Ernest Child and H. G. O'Connor

OUR post has a clubhouse. Our town gave our post the clubhouse. But our town did not give something for nothing. It is no simoleon of towns; it is no spend-thrift town. Every one of the seventeen hundred people of Wayland, New York (which is our town), knows that the town is better off because Theodore Van Tassel Post (which is our post) has the clubhouse. About one in five of our citizens helped financially—an average of one in every family, that is. If that isn't unanimity, what is?

Why should our post boast if our town gave it a clubhouse? Because it was not an unearned gift, and hardly a gift anyway. For every cent a citizen gave toward the building, he is drawing interest in money, to say nothing of the interest in education and Americanism that every American draws for every good deed he does for the Legion.

We know that our story is not new to thousands of members of the Legion and to scores of posts. But to members and posts to whom it is new, perhaps it will be interesting, and our best hope is that it will be inspirational.

Most of the service men in Wayland were back home by the early summer of 1919. By Christmas they had a strong Legion post and were talking clubhouse. A committee was investigating. The post more and more demanded the club, and the committee went about more and more frantically pricing vacant lots and lots that were not vacant. The post had no money and the committee could see no financial support for any of its plans, and none of the plans was very trivial, either. But that did not trouble us at first. No details did—at first. It gradually dawned on us, however, that we could not raise enough money among ourselves; we needed outside help. It also dawned on us that ours was not the only need of the community. Wayland needed a home for its library, Wayland needed a public rest room, Wayland needed an auditorium. Even back then, right after we had got out of the war, we had pretty fair ideas of the Legion's future. We knew it would be a big future, big in service to the public. Consequently we knew that Wayland's needs would be Legion needs,

and that when the Legion built, it also would be building for Wayland.

Whereupon we went out and told Wayland to give us a clubhouse, and Wayland did. And we supplied, with the clubhouse, the library and rest room and auditorium.

In the beginning it was evident that if we combined clubhouse with community house the cost would reach the disheartening total of \$50,000. For a time that sum looked too big for Wayland. Not a building in town had cost

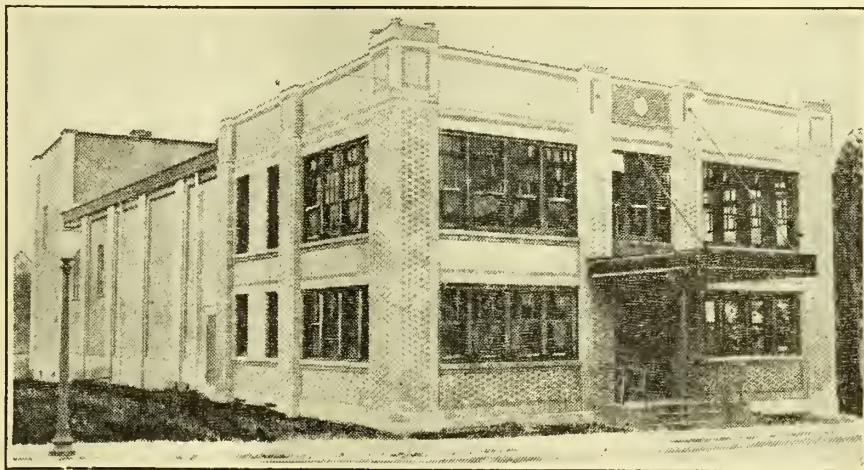
The American Legion. Our scheme was essentially a business proposition, and on that basis we incorporated under the laws of the State. A certificate of incorporation prepared by a local attorney, named fifteen Legionnaires as incorporators, who had subscribed and paid the first thousand dollars. The incorporation value was set at \$50,000. The fifteen original incorporators became common stockholders, and left us with \$40,000 worth of cumulative preferred shares at four and one-half percent interest, besides \$9,000 more to be raised in common stock subscriptions—to be furnished exclusively by members of the Legion.

Raising the added \$9,000 worth of common stock, we felt, would be comparatively easy, but selling eight hundred shares of preferred stock at \$50 a share, we were sure, would be more difficult, because all the preferred stockholders would be non-members. Moreover, the preferred stockholders

were to have no vote in company elections so long as the annual four and one-half percent dividend should be paid. A provision under which preferred stockholders could vote was necessary, first, to permit them to protect their investment, second, to make their stock an investment as to assets and earnings according to state laws. Moreover, in the event of a dissolution of the company, the preferred stockholders had a preference to the extent of the company's par value in the original assets and in its proportion of any surplus assets that might accumulate.

We still had the lion's share of the fifty thousand to raise. We had to find investors. In a town as small as Wayland, we had to find every investor and we had to sell to practically every investor if we wanted our fine plans to come to fruition. How we did this may not interest you, but it may, so I'll tell you about it. It was just the business (i.e., work) of canvassing every person in the community. We divided the territory in and around Wayland into districts, and allotted the districts to salesmen. We divided the village into four parts according to the principal streets and subdivided these parts by side streets, and then we made a fur-

(Continued on page 22)



The Legion and community clubhouse at Wayland, N. Y.

half so much. Even the most enthusiastic of our club agitators had to admit discouragement.

But our post is like every other post—it contains a few indomitable souls who can be discouraged by no undertaking. They got the rest of us to investigate the possibilities of the undertaking. They convinced the rest of us that the idea was practicable. In one meeting they got so far as to record subscriptions, to be paid if a feasible plan could be arranged. Several thousand dollars were pledged in this way, in sums of from \$50 to \$300, although some of the pledges meant savings beyond the hurt stage.

With such a nucleus we decided to acquaint some of the other townspeople with the plan and invite criticism. A series of meetings was arranged with representative men of the village, and finally serious discussion of the committee's estimates was held. The business men were told what we had to offer and gave their approval. More promises of support they gave us, too.

That was really where we jumped off. A publicity barrage was laid down. We shot the community full of information about our plan.

It was to be a Legion building, but according to our constitution we could assume no liabilities in the name of

A Needed Link in the Chain

By Lemuel Bolles

National Adjutant, The American Legion

A POST without a service officer is like an automobile without brakes or horn or lights. The post can operate all right without a service officer. He isn't a human carburetor, a vital part of the mechanism. But try to get along without him and inconvenience and trouble are inevitable. Without him, the post is apt to go blindly along the road, and to slide into the ditch sometimes. Without him the post remains uninformed of new laws or changes in government regulations which may affect many members' important interests.

I like to think of the post service officer as a scout, the vigilant representative of the post, who makes a continuous study of all the things which affect the service man—government insurance, hospitalization, vocational training, state adjusted compensation—and then, learning everything there is to be learned on each subject, informing the rest of the gang about it. This brings up an important consideration.

The position of post service officer is too often considered an honorary one. The man holding it gets the idea that he is in a class such as the one in which the sergeant-at-arms and the chaplain once belonged before the positions ceased being sinecures in the Legion. Well, a post service officer can wait for members to come to him. He can simply let his name go on the post

stationery and when somebody comes around to ask him a question, he can paw through whatever files or reference books he has to find the answer.

But the live service officer won't work that way. He will try to beat the boys to it on this question-asking game. He'll always be ahead of the procession. When the Legion's National Service Division or the Veterans Bureau makes an official announcement which may affect the interests of some of the post members, he will see that the information reaches every man. If there isn't a post paper, he'll issue his own bulletins and place them on the bulletin board in the clubrooms or send them through the mail.

The post service officer is the final link in the chain by which information on national legislation and official regulations passes to individual Legionnaires. The National Service Division issues timely announcements regularly. The department service officials issue bulletins containing these announcements also, and the information is published in all Legion publications. But in most instances it is the personal interpretation supplied by the post service officer—expert on his job—which helps the individual service man most.

Don't get the idea that because the war has been over four years, claims have been largely adjusted and the service officer therefore doesn't have a large field. Opportunities fairly cry

out to the energetic service officer. Take the subject of government insurance alone. Everybody knows that in every post there are dozens of men who ought to be keeping up their government policies, who have let them drop. Just remember, seventy-five percent of the men who carried War Risk Insurance during their service never paid a premium after being discharged. And not many more than half a million men are now carrying term policies or converted insurance. Yet every day there come to our attention cases of service men dying, without claims against the Government, without holding government insurance policies, while their dearest kin are left in want. The service officer should assume that every service man ought to be the possessor of a government policy in an amount consistent with his ability to meet the premiums. The government premiums are lower than those offered by any private insurance company, and the Government's terms and conditions are incomparably more liberal. Reinstatement of lapsed policies may be accomplished without much red tape. The service officer confers a real favor on every Legionnaire he induces to reinstate his insurance. He can also be of great assistance in helping men convert their wartime policies to peacetime types. And this insurance field is only one of the opportunities for ag-

(Continued on page 24)

Is Bergdoll Back?

GROVER CLEVELAND BERGDOLL evaded service in the United States Army. Now he's sorry. Conscious that he was a slacker, conscious that the land of his birth despises him, conscious that he cannot return to America without going to jail, he must be a miserable person.

How About You? You served in the World War. Your conscience is clear on that score. But is your conscience clear about your post-war duties? Have you evaded any obligation you have incurred since the war? In the Legion there are a few—about one and a half percent, at a guess—who are either too tired to appear at post meetings or not willing to do their duty, or, like another well-known class, "agin everything." These are the fellows who have to be chased around town for two or three months every year to get them to go to post meetings and to take part in Legion activities, very important among which is that of keeping dues paid up. These are the ones who delay the game when there is a hospital to be built for the disabled, the ones who delay fulfilment of the ideals for which the Legion stands.

In other words: Have you paid your Legion dues?

Are you a peace-time Bergdoll?

P. S. to P. A.'s: Be sure to see that The American Legion Weekly Record Card is mailed promptly for every paid up 1923 Legionnaire. This is the big year.

A Year-Round Responsibility

It's Time to Be Thinking About Memorial Day

MEMORIAL DAY in every community which has a post of The American Legion is a day of accounting. Upon that day each post must determine whether it has done its duty to the dead. That duty is more than marching in a parade to the cemetery and placing flags and flowers on the graves of comrades. It includes the year-round responsibility of seeing that in each post's territory the grave of every World War veteran is properly marked, and in the absence of functioning organizations of the veterans of other wars The American Legion post will see that no grave of a soldier of any war is unmarked.

There is still time before Memorial Day for posts to obtain official government headstones for the unmarked graves of the veterans of any war. These will be supplied free by the Quartermaster General of the Army, War Department, Washington, D. C., after applications have been obtained from Washington, filled out and returned. There is also time to get from the Emblem Division at National Headquarters of The American Legion at Indianapolis official American Legion bronze markers for the graves of Legionnaires which have not already been marked. The price of these bronze markers which are seven inches in diameter, is \$1.30 each, plus transportation charges.

The Quartermaster General of the Army has appealed to the Legion to assist in the prompt erection of the marble headstones, which are now being shipped in large numbers to all parts of the United States. The Government pays transportation costs on the headstones, but these may be kept in freight depots at destinations only forty-eight hours without storage charges. In many instances relatives and friends of the deceased service man, and in some instances Legion posts, have neglected to claim the headstones promptly and notice is then duly received by the Quartermaster General that the stones are undelivered. A charge for storage is also levied for each day a stone is unclaimed after forty-eight hours have elapsed from the time the railroad has mailed notice of the arrival of the headstone. The Quartermaster General, in the effort to obviate delays in the delivery of headstones, has adopted the practice of notifying the headquarters of the Legion department in which delivery is to be made, so that advance notice can be given to the post which will see that the headstone is claimed upon its arrival. Many delays are due to the fact that the consignee of the headstone has changed his address since making application to the Quartermaster General and hence does not receive promptly the railroad's notification that the shipment has arrived.

Many county organizations of the Legion have adopted a policy of graves supervision. They have made surveys of all the cemeteries within their ter-

ritory and have charted the locations of the graves of soldiers of all wars. As unmarked graves are discovered and as new graves are made these are noted on the charts and a follow-up system is used to insure that every grave will have a headstone or Legion marker. The same system is used by posts in cities and towns. It usually is advantageous to employ county maps and cemetery charts upon which colored pins denote the graves of the different classes—those properly marked, those requiring headstones or Legion markers, etc. In this way post officials or committees can tell at a glance how many graves still require marking. The maps and charts also insure the proper decoration of all graves on Memorial Day.


The headstones now being supplied by the Government for the graves of World War soldiers are of American white marble, 42 inches long, four inches thick and thirteen inches wide. Each stone has a circle, two and one-quarter inches in diameter, on the front near the top, in which an emblem of religious faith, either the Cross or the Star of David, is inscribed. The Star of David will be shown in the circle

for soldiers of Jewish faith. The inscription on the stone consists of the full name of the soldier, the State from which he came, his rank, regiment and division, and the date of his death. Headstones of this design were adopted during 1922, in which they cost the Government \$9.05. The contract price for 1923 is \$9.55.

A few cemeteries in different sections of the country decline to permit the erection of these headstones supplied by the Government, in most cases for the reason that cemetery regulations require all headstones and monuments shall be of granite. The Association of American Cemetery Superintendents has been endeavoring to have the War Department modify the design of the headstone and supply granite stones instead of marble. The claim is made that the marble stones do not endure under northern climatic conditions. The Quartermaster General, however, maintains that over 250,000 marble headstones have been supplied since 1879 and that a survey of national cemeteries in all parts of the country made in 1907 proved that the marble stones were uniformly well preserved. In a letter the Assistant Quartermaster General of the Army says:

Considerable pressure has been brought to bear within the last few years by manufacturers and some cemeteries to have the Government furnish these markers of granite instead of marble. It has been ascertained that a headstone of granite of approximately the same dimensions would cost about \$80, whereas the stones now furnished cost \$6.45 to \$9.55 each. As the appropriation for supplying headstones for the current fiscal year is only \$70,000, it will be observed that due to the increased number of veterans entitled to these headstones, an appropriation of over \$500,000 will be required to furnish an equal number of granite. Relatives and friends of the soldiers throughout the United States have indicated that they are satisfied with the markers heretofore furnished.

As Memorial Day approaches and posts begin making plans for its observance, it is important that those who will be in charge of arrangements have copies of the Legion's Manual of Ceremonies, which contains two sets of Memorial Day ceremonials, one for use in public hall or grove, the other for cemeteries. These manuals presumably are in the possession of every post, inasmuch as they also contain the ceremonies for opening and closing post meetings, initiations, dedications, Fourth of July and Armistice Day, but if copies have been lost additional ones may be obtained from department headquarters or National Headquarters. It should be noted, however, that whereas the American daisy was the official flower at the time the manual was prepared, the French poppy is now the official Legion flower once more and should be used where flowers are required.

STATEMENT	
EDWARD N. DAVIS POST	
	
TOLEDO, OHIO	
I. B. BLUM, FINANCE OFFICER 212 MICHIGAN ST.	
1923 Membership Dues	\$5.00
DOO NOW	
Name.....	
Address.....	
Just a Reminder	
Edward N. Davis Post of Toledo billed its members this way. As a result, Edward N. Davis Post has been sending in its Weekly subscription cards at a good rate—and has been receiving its \$5 dues at a good rate, also	

If the A. E. F. Had Tried Out the Coué Theory By Wallgren

HOW WE IMAGINE
MONS. EMILE COUÉ'S
THEORY OF AUTO-
SUGGESTION WOULD
HAVE WORKED OUT
IN THE A. E. F.

EVERY DAY, IN EVERY WAY,
I'M GETTING TUFFER & RUFFER!!

YOU SAID
IT, OLE
CREAMPUFF!!

NOW YOU HAVEN'T GOT A SORE
THROAT - IF YOU HAVE, WE'LL CURE
IT IN A JIFFY - JUST REPEAT AFTER
ME - EVERY DAY,
IN EVERY WAY, I'M
GETTING BETTER
AND BETTER!!

HUH? - UH - EVERY
DAY IN EVERY WAY
I'M GITTIN' HOARSER
AND HOARSER!!

WONDER
WOT'S THESE?

MEDICO →

THINK OF THE
BILLIONS OF C.C.
PILLS SAVED IF
THE THEORY
HAD WORKED.



TOP-SARGINTS PRACTISED
THE THEORY LONG BEFORE
THEY EVER HEARD OF IT.

JENNIE COM-
PROM PA!!!

MEANING -
"I DON'T
GET YOUR
STUFF!"

THASS FUNNY!! EVERY
DAY, IN EVERY WAY, JAY
PARLAY FRANCAIS
BONER AND BONER!!

AND STILL
HE CANT
COMPREE



HOW EASY IT WOULD HAVE BEEN TO
BECOME PROFICIENT IN SPEAKING FRENCH
BY SIMPLY REPEATING THIS MAGIC FORMULA?

EVERY DAY, IN
EVERY WAY, I'M
GETTING LUCKIER
AND LUCKIER!!
ZAM!!

THAT AINT
NO NEWS!

YER
DURN
TOOTIN'!!

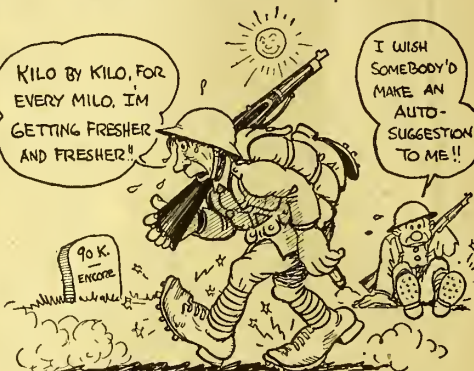


SUCCESSFULLY DEMONSTRATED

KILO BY KILO, FOR
EVERY MILO, I'M
GETTING FRESHER
AND FRESHER!!

90 K.
ENCORE

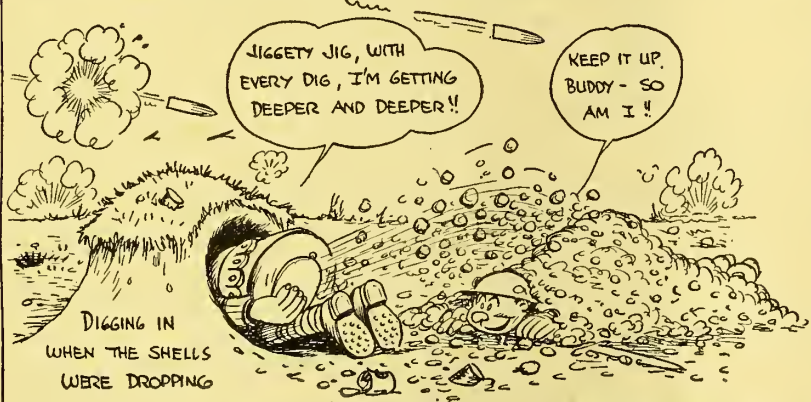
I WISH
SOMEBODY'D
MAKE AN
AUTO-
SUGGESTION
TO ME!!



IT WOULD HAVE BEEN A GREAT HELP ON
SOME OF THOSE LONG FORCED HIKES - HEY, WOT!!?

JIGGETY JIG, WITH
EVERY DIG, I'M GETTING
DEEPER AND DEEPER!!

KEEP IT UP,
BUDDY - SO
AM I!!



EVERY HOUR,
WITH ALL MY POWER,
I'M GETTING
SNAPPIER AND
SNAPPIER!!

SNAPPY
SALUTE

SNAPPY
UNIFORM

EVERY DAY
IN EVERYWAY
HE'S GETTING
RANKER AND
RANKER!!

BUCK-PRIVATES
WOULDN'T FIND
THIS HARD
TO BELIEVE
OF 2ND LOOIES
& OFFICERS



DRINK BY DRINK,
THIS VINEGAR BLINK,
IS GETTING SWEETER
AND SWEETER!!

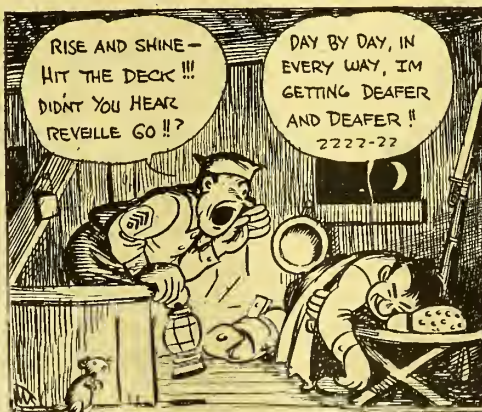
YOU'RE
CUCKOO!!



IT WOULD HAVE REQUIRED A LOT
OF FAITH TO BELIEVE THIS.

RISE AND SHINE -
HIT THE DECK!!!
DIDN'T YOU HEAR
REVELLE GO!!?

DAY BY DAY, IN
EVERY WAY, I'M
GETTING DEAFER
AND DEAFER!!
2222-22



THE COUÉ THEORY PRACTISED WITHOUT EFFORT

NOW LISTEN, FELLERS, I'LL
TELL YOU HOW YOU CAN GET TO
LIKE SLUM - JUST KEEP REPEATING
OVER AND OVER - DAY BY DAY, IN
EVERY WAY I LIKE IT BETTER
AND BETTER!!



THE MESS SERGEANT WOULD HAVE
BEEN AN ARDENT ADVOCATE.

BURSTS AND DUDS

Payment is made for original material suitable for this department. Unavailable manuscript will be returned only when accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelope

Opportunity Knocks

Bilkins had been a top kicker overseas and had naturally acquired a complete line of profanity, an unfortunate habit which clung to him when he returned to civilian life. He and Mrs. Bilkins consulted together for a remedy and finally hit upon what seemed a likely expedient.

"Bobbie," said Mrs. B. to their young offspring. "Daddy and I have arranged that he shall give you a dime every time he is caught swearing."

"Gee, that's great!" cried the youngster. Then he added hopefully: "When are you going to fix the car, Daddy?"

Another Victim

Two bucks, on leave to Paris, were improving the fleeting hour by a tour of the museums. In one of the Egyptian rooms they stood in awe before a mummy, over which hung a card inscribed: "B.C. 1006." "Wotcher s'pose that means, Bill?" asked one, much mystified. The other was reluctant to confess ignorance.

"Oh, that," he replied airily. "That's the number of the auto that killed him."

Easily Explained

Whenever the Rev'ren' Tobias Skiller called on Aunt Sally, it was her custom to place a large plate of gingerbread before him and then ply him with what she called "religious 'spoundin's."

"Whaffo do de Lawd send epidemics unto de land?" she asked him one day.

"Sometimes folkses gits so bad dey mus' be removed, whe'upon de comin' of an epidemic am permitted," replied the parson. "But," objected Aunt Sally, "den huccum de good folkses gits removed longside de bad ones?"

Not a trace of embarrassment was evinced by the rev'ren'.

"De good ones is summoned fo' witnesses," he explained. "De Lawd aims to give every man a fair trial."

"—and Must Be Obeyed"

Admiral Poof was giving a heavy social dinner on his flagship as it lay in port and had supplemented the regular waiters from the ranks of the gobs. The latter were reluctant to serve, but obeyed, each being instructed exactly as to what his particular duties should be.

The dinner was going along without a hitch when one of the ladies wished another piece of bread. There was none near her, and the finely disciplined steward who

stood behind her chair seemed blind to her need.

"Bread, please," she said.

He looked regretfully at the bread and then at her. It was evident that he would have liked to assist her, but that this was impossible.

"Sorry, mum," he whispered hoarsely. "I'm told off for the potatoes."

Willing to Do Her Share

A large and dark lady was being married to an equally dark but several sizes smaller groom.

"Clarissa," asked the preacher, following the usual formula, "do you take this man to be your wedded husband, for better or worse—"

"Jes' as he is, pahson, jes' as he is," interrupted Clarissa. "Ef he gets any better de good Lawd's gwine take him, an' ef he gets any wuss Ah reckon Ah kin tend to him mahself."

Suggestions of a Doughboy

Being the Suggestions of a Doughboy on the Manner of Conducting the Next War, Together with Certain Reflections on the Conduct of the Last One

49. That, in the interests of veracity, it be gently intimidated by recruiting posters that there are occasions in the Army when a doughboy does something besides stand under a palm tree chatting familiarly with a major general attired in a blue uniform with gilt belt, and that such things as full packs still exist.

(To be continued)

Expressive

An English actor was once boasting to Sir James Barrie of the expressiveness of his countenance.

"I can convey anything to my audience without speaking a word," he said.

"Then," suggested Sir James, "will you please express in your face that you have a younger brother, who was born in Shropshire but is now living in a boarding house on the south coast, and who is going to London a week from Monday to call on his sister who injured her ankle crossing Pall Mall as she was on her way to buy a new purple silk dress?"

Don't Think This Is Funny

"You say Gloomfellow died happy? How could he, the old pessimist?"

"He'd just paid his Legion dues for 1923."

A Rain Trap

In a time of distressing drouth a harassed amateur agriculturist stepped into a shop and bought a barometer. The clerk was making a few explanations about indications and pressures when the customer interrupted impatiently, saying:

"Yes, yes, that's all right, but what I want to know is how you set the thing when you want it to rain."

The Social Climber

Old King Coal was a merry old soul, A merry old soul was he.

Said he: "Since I'm worth 'steen dollars a ton,

I'm the pride of Societee."

Lucky

Archie: "That's a very nice engagement ring that Phyllis is wearing."

Reggie: "Yes, I've been quite successful with it, you know. Five girls have worn it already and all I've paid on the thing so far is six dollars down."

Deferred Ambition

"They say the ex-Kaiser still bosses the house after being married."

"Must be something to this war lord stuff after all."

A Temporary Parting

The most famous town in Nevada was fading away in the distance.

"What were you thinking of as you waved your hand so pensively toward Reno just now?" asked the companion of the famous film star, as they sat together on the rear platform of the observation car.

"I was thinking of that beautiful old ballad, 'Say Au Revoir But Not Good By.'"

A Well-Known Factor

"If we were all as great as we think we are, this old world would be paradise."

"Yes, but the competition would be hell."

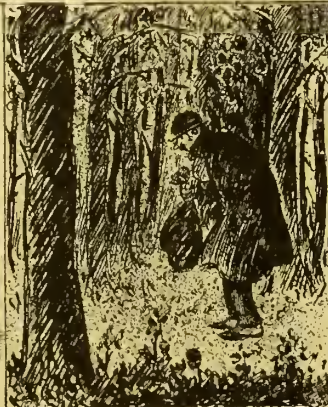
Progress

"What," inquired the literary editor, "has become of the poet who used to write a sonnet to milady's eyebrows?"

"Him?" said the dramatic critic. "He's turning out snappy jazz about her shoulders now."



"Tommy's getting so old and feeble I'm afraid you'll have to drown him, dear."



"Where's that river? I believe I'm lost!"



"Out you go, Tommy!"



"I got lost and would have had to spend the night in the woods if the cat hadn't guided me home."

THE CAT CAME BACK

From Kitchen Police to General

(Continued from page 8)

such a promotion in peace would not have remedied the disaster to Harbord's prospects. He had made his great sacrifice and instead of gaining the luster which surrounds a distinguished general who conducts successful operations against an enemy, Harbord had gained only the inner consciousness of a task well done and the undying gratitude of his chief.

I do not know, but I believe it was this sacrifice that caused General Pershing to insist on General Harbord's being chosen as chief of the American Military Mission to Armenia in the summer of 1919. In five months he traversed the country from end to end with an escort of thirty men. Once the party was attacked and several times it was in great danger, but his report, making no recommendations, but presenting facts, figures and data both for and against the enterprise, undoubtedly had a large part in influencing the Congress of the United States to reject the Armenian mandate which our Allies had invited us to assume.

Harbord was a poor boy in Bloomington, Illinois, fifty-six years ago. He went with his parents to Kansas and worked his way through Kansas State Agricultural College. He graduated with honors in 1886 and, determined to enter the Army, he brought to bear the iron will and inflexibility of purpose which have been behind his whole record of success. He took an examination for West Point in 1887 but failed. The successful candidate whose marks were above those of Harbord went to the Academy and Harbord went to the farm. But in January, 1889, he decided to enlist and gain his commission through the ranks. He drove to the recruiting station in a sleigh, traveling more than sixty miles. He did not even have enough money to buy food during the twenty-four hours that elapsed before the recruiting officer accepted him. Years afterward he gave a picture of what he found on his arrival—an epic of the old Army of the frontier.

"I went on duty as kitchen police before I had drawn my uniform. Our commanding officer was one of the old school who believed that a garrison should be awake a considerable time before daylight.

"Drawing clothes was a great event in the life of a recruit. It was the old blue beloved of Civil War memory, and much of it was old stock left over and

still unexhausted, though twenty-five years had elapsed since that conflict. The shoes were of the type known as brogans. The trousers were the old very light blue type, cut long for short men and short for long ones. The cap was the old chasseur brand, the flat top of which made the old army bald headed. The blouse was dark blue but of indefinite size.

"Draw day, when the whole company drew clothing, was the occasion for promiscuous gambling, and the stakes were reckless in terms of socks and white gloves. I have seen a soldier get up from a small poker game on the evening of draw day with twelve dozen pairs of socks while everyone else in the squad room was sockless.

"The soldier fare in those days was very simple. Breakfast and supper were generally different varieties of what the soldier calls slum. Fourth of July and St. Patrick's day (if the top sergeant were Irish), Thanksgiving and Christmas, there were feasts of good soldier fare and everybody gorged himself and talked about it until the next holiday.

"The company commanders were generally veterans of the Civil War who had, many of them, held higher rank during the war and had never accepted philosophically the peacetime reduction which followed the war. The colonel had been a major general and a division commander. He was always addressed as general and had sworn never to attend the formation of anything so low as the regiment of which he was colonel."

Under such conditions, deadening to initiative and progress, Harbord moved forward. He was commissioned second lieutenant in 1891, receiving his grade before his successful opponent in the examination for West Point had left the Academy. He was first assigned to the Fifth Cavalry. With the Spanish American War he became a Rough Rider.

He met Pershing when they were both first lieutenants of the Tenth Cavalry at Huntsville, Ala. The two were assigned to the same tent. What plans they made—as most young officers do—to reform the entire scheme of the Army if ever they got the chance no one knows but themselves. But whatever their early plans were their chance to realize them has come. They have made the most of it. To Pershing

and Harbord more than any other men the country owes a debt for the present National Defence Act—the first military policy this country has ever adopted.

General Harbord's first real opportunity in the Army came in the Philippines, where for twelve years he was assistant chief of constabulary and, toward the latter part of his service, acting chief. During this time Harbord brought peace to Mindanao and, securing the co-operation of the natives, turned them from enemies into loyal and faithful troops. Had he not been a captain, toward the last he would have been made a brigadier general and chief of constabulary. As it was he remained a captain on account of the "Manchu law" which provided that only field officers could be made chiefs or assistant chiefs of the constabulary.

Returning to the States, Harbord went to the Mexican border and then into Mexico with Pershing. In 1916 he was graduated from the War College. In 1918 he was a brand new lieutenant colonel and was not even a colonel until after he landed in France.

The men of the Marine Corps, his old leathernecks of Belleau Wood, are having a picture of Harbord painted by a Washington artist. It was in the studio that I saw the General a few days ago. The picture was nearing completion. Back of his portrait was a reproduction of a battered old stone building—the hunting lodge in the Bois de Belleau.

"What are my impressions of the Army from K. P. up?" General Harbord smiled. "It is the best old Army in the world from top to bottom and back again.

"Discrimination against men because they rose from the ranks? Never!" His eyes became reminiscent. "My very best friends have been West Pointers. When I was trying for a commission they coached me and since then they have helped me in every way. In all my thirty-four years of service no one by word, action or expression has so much as hinted that my rise from the enlisted ranks was not a thing to be proud of. Our Army is the most democratic institution in America today. Each man in it has his own chance to rise, and when he does rise he finds that the hands that helped him will continue to sustain him."

Our Town Makes an Investment

(Continued from page 17)

ther division of outlying districts. The name of every prospect in the territory was written on a card. The cards were arranged according to residences, so that each salesman could bring them up in order as he went from house to house. Each solicitor signed each subscriber to a definite contract, which said:

I, the undersigned, hereby subscribe for _____ shares of the preferred stock of Theodore R. Van Tassell Post, Inc., at fifty dollars per share, and agree to pay for the stock so subscribed by me as follows:

One-third on the first day of June, 1920; one-third on the tenth day of July, 1920, and one-third on the sixteenth day of August, 1920.

This subscription is not to be binding upon the subscriber hereto until \$25,000 of the authorized issue of the preferred stock of said corporation is subscribed for.

From the net earnings of said corporation there shall be paid to the holders of its preferred stock annual dividends of four and a half percent and no dividends shall be paid to the holders of the common stock until annual dividends of four and a half percent from August 16, 1920, shall have

been paid to the holders of preferred stock.

Imagine, then, the excitement that prevailed among 1,700 Waylanders when a huge thermometer appeared on Main Street one morning to record each day's results in a campaign to raise \$40,000 in preferred stock in a Legion clubhouse. When that day ended the mercury had risen to \$12,000, and from then on it rose steadily.

The people were all with us, it was true, but in a town of approximately 350 households it is necessary to get subscriptions from practically every

home if you want to raise a sum like \$40,000. Not all the people were at home the first time our salesmen called, and they had to be visited again. We had to have a special committee to handle the hardest cases. New problems were encountered every day.

There were heartaches galore. Toward the end of the campaign we thought we were stumped. Apparently every soul in Wayland had given all he could give. Then, on the last day, it occurred to somebody to visit a man of means in a rural district. This man's house was almost inaccessible. It was inaccessible for the Ford the Legion salesmen set out in; the Ford failed dismally on the hill leading there. So Henry was left behind and the salesmen approached their quarry afoot. Then they found the man had retired for the night.

Now this man was a good prospect. To wake him up might be highly impolitic. He might then *never* subscribe. But if he did not subscribe immediately the campaign had failed. So he was rudely awakened and asked to buy a big block of stock.

The campaign ended right there. The drowsy hilltopper bought the remainder of unsubscribed stock and went back to bed.

We had the money, and soon, by taking over two lots near the center of the village from the Wayland Library Association (we were going to house the library, you see), and by buying an adjoining lot for \$3,000 and selling a two-story building on the adjoining lot for \$600 we had the land, valued at \$4,000, at a cost of \$2,400.

But we did not have the building, and we asked for bids on the plans we had accepted. The stockholders met in the fall of 1920 and opened the bids. The lowest estimate was for \$80,000.

Eighty thousand dollars! For a clubhouse toward which we had raised \$50,000! For a clubhouse we had been told would not cost more than \$50,000! All our work seemed in vain. By February our stockholders were a disgruntled lot. Some wanted cheaper plans for construction and an immediate start on the buildings. Others wanted to build a smaller building. A few—a very few—felt the whole project should be abandoned.

Late in 1921 we had an architect make minor changes that seemed desirable, including a ten-foot addition in the length. We again asked for bids. A Dansville contractor offered to do the work for us for \$40,663.

Today we have our clubhouse. It is well furnished. The auditorium has a pipe organ and a balcony. Our auditing committee says our books are in good shape.

We keep going by being active. An indoor fair, held for seven nights after the clubhouse was opened, made a net profit of \$7,600, which went into equipment and furniture. The theatre or auditorium is being used practically every night. Three hundred couples went to our opening dance—we made \$252.

Mixed in the mortar which helps support the cornerstone of our clubhouse is some soil from Château-Thierry. It was there that Theodore Van Tassel was killed by the enemy.

(The above story was adapted from a booklet prepared by Mr. Child and Mr. O'Connor for the formal opening of Wayland Clubhouse, the opening services having been described as the biggest event of years in the town.)

Don't Scratch or Scour Your Teeth

In the A. E. F. you frequently cleaned your mess gear with sand or gritty soil. You didn't care if that slum equipment got scratched.

Primitive stuff, that. Yet even today there are people cleaning their teeth with gritty, soapless tooth pastes. Harsh scouring wears away the delicate enamel—and it can never be replaced with another issue.

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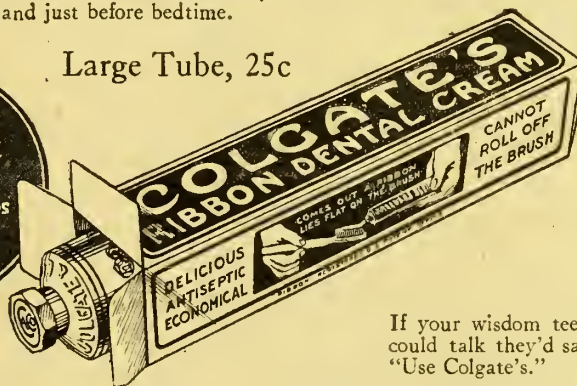
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For "Good Teeth—Good Health" brush your teeth after *each* meal and just before bedtime.



Large Tube, 25c



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could talk they'd say,
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1. Buy a tube of Ribbon Dental Cream in its cardboard box.
2. Attach this coupon to the cardboard box. Slip both into an envelope and mail to Colgate & Co., Dept. 291, Box 645, City Hall Station, New York City.
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Your name.....

Address.....



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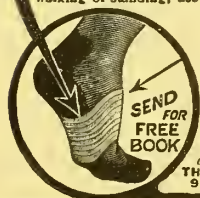
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A Needed Link in the Chain

(Continued from page 18)

gressive service. The service officer should always be watchful to discover how individual members, according to their needs, may benefit from the hospitalization and training privileges. He should go seek the member whom he can aid, rather than wait to be called upon.

In many posts the position of service officer is combined with that of adjutant. In smaller posts particularly this plan works well. But it is unfortunately true that too many posts have overlooked entirely the real importance of having an energetic and able official

guarding the personal interests of their members. Whatever service work these posts have done has been haphazard.

This is going to be our biggest and best year, however. And one way we can guarantee it is to let the word be broadcast that the post service officer is as important and necessary to post success as the post commander. Furthermore, let this sentiment be broadcast: If in any community there exist any service men not receiving their rights from the Government, the fault is seventy-five percent upon the post in that community.

The Mosque Carpet of Rat Alley

(Continued from page 16)

was counterfeiting for his own particular edification.

"Marvelous," declared Trine when he recovered speech. "This looks like the rug I mentioned to you, but it isn't the same. This is a wonderful rug! A Kerman of very ancient design. Probably a mosque carpet."

"Yes?" inquired Clark politely. "As good a rug as all that?"

"As good as all that. Of course its value as a rug isn't much. It is so worn that it would take a long time for even an expert to repair it. But as a curio in a collection it should bring you a good price. I collect only in a small way, myself. It would be impossible for me, living as I do here, to go in for collecting Oriental rugs as they should be collected. But I will offer you fifty dollars for this rug just as an investment."

Clark attempted with indifferent success to conceal his surprise. He had not expected that Trine would carry his appraisal so far. He conquered, though not without a struggle, a temptation to drive a bargain and shook his head.

"Afraid I can't make a deal with you," he said. "I got a much better figure at Niljan's—"

Doubt, unmistakably genuine, flared in Trine's eyes.

"I shouldn't have thought they'd offer you so much," he said. "It isn't the sort of thing they're apt to be interested in."

Clark shrugged, picked up his carpet and started toward the stairs. "Good night, Mr. Trine," he called cheerily. "Money's the least of my troubles. It's art I'm after," and he strode on up toward his room whistling as though this latest complication of the mystery worried him not a bit.

But if Jimmy Clark dismissed Trine's connection with the case as a mere display of braggadocio, he could not catalogue so easily the next developments. He opened the door of his little bedchamber without noticing that a window was up. The chill was not exceptional. He was not conscious of anything amiss until his ears caught the sound of a quick step. A bottle crashed. He guessed it would be a sample that had been assigned to him at school the night before for analysis. It had been on a little stand near the head of his bed and in the fraction of an instant he had visualized the intruder's position. He dropped the rug and struck out.

There was a second crash. His fist landed against flesh. A grunt and a curse assured him of his marksmanship. Two moist hands sought his throat in the darkness. He dodged, tripped over a chair and fell back against the wall. A pistol flash blinded him, a blast like the crack of doom seemed to sunder his ears, a hot point stabbed him in the shoulder and he fell.

Almost instantly came the sound of scurrying footsteps, the slamming of doors and frightened murmurs in the outer corridors. The unseen assailant came so close to Clark as he lay prostrate on the floor that the wounded youth could hear his heavy breathing. Clark felt a tug at his clothes and realized half consciously that he had fallen on the rug.

The burglar kicked him in the ribs and stooped to pull at the carpet once more but his opportunity was gone. There was an excited hammering at the door and the rattle of keys.

The invader cursed under his breath, stepped swiftly back toward the window, was silhouetted briefly against a rectangle of moonlight, and disappeared to the accompaniment of a creaking fire escape.

The landlady and a group of stalwart boarders found Jimmy Clark seated upon the blue rug nursing a scratch where a bullet had seared his shoulder and wishing that he never had been tempted to visit Rat Alley.

Clark scraped up what was left of his chemical sample the next morning as he prepared to leave for work. It was a gummy substance that seemed to have come in contact with everything in the room and threatened to leave a permanent mark upon the already none-too-beautiful nap of the wilted Wilton. But such ordinary misadventures as the ruining of a bedroom carpet had ceased to be interesting. Time enough to worry about the possible injury to the carpet-that-wasn't-from-Bagdad when he should have discovered the nature of the gum.

His wounded shoulder no longer pained him, and the recuperating powers of youth, assisted by a night's sleep, had counteracted the nervous effects that a number of personal encounters within the space of twelve hours might have been expected to produce.

The disposal of the rug worried him a little. It was obviously impossible

for him to bring the treasure with him to the office and thence to the laboratory. He solved the problem by laying it carefully between the mattress and springs of his bed.

When he left the house a roll of wrapping paper large enough to have contained a rug was under his arm for the edification of felons not engaged in their employment who might have taken the precaution to watch Mrs. Malachi's brownstone menage.

That night at the laboratory, Jimmy Clark breathed a prayer of thanksgiving as he brought to its climax the qualitative analysis of the gummy substance that the burglar had upset upon his bed room floor. The last set of tests was purely perfunctory. He knew in advance that the final reaction would show no precipitate and that he would be able to take down his apparatus, turn in his notes and go back to the adventurous borders of Rat Alley.

With an adept hand he decanted the solution into a beaker. He poured in the reagent drop by drop scarcely watching the result. Then suddenly his eyes widened unbelievably and he held up the beaker to the light.

In the clear liquid was a cloud of orange. The impossible reaction had occurred.

He repeated the experiment with the same results and checked it with other tests. One development confirmed the other and the analysis that should have produced undebatable certainty ended in confusion and perplexity.

The instructor, a business-like chemist of the new school, glanced over Clark's notes with a quick eye that missed nothing. As he read and re-read the record of the final tests he whistled then laughed aloud.

"Guess again," he advised. "You've one element too many."

"But it's there," declared Jimmy obstinately. "The experiment shows it." "But it isn't there," retorted the instructor with equal emphasis. "I know because I mixed that stuff myself. Call it a night and try again tomorrow. You've made a slip somewhere."

Clark, unconvinced, did as he was told. He knew that he had traced the composition of the sample atom by atom with all the care that one might acquire in three years of training. Unless chemistry, the absolute science, had lied, he was right and the instructor was wrong. He dismissed it from his mind, a puzzle beyond all solution, as he swung aboard the northbound car for home.

And then like a sunburst through a fog, the mystery of the blue rug solved itself.

JIMMY CLARK looked about the shady approaches of Rat Alley until he found Policeman Rourke

"I've got a line on our rug case," he said.

The policeman took the news without excitement. "So have I," he replied. "I pinched Dinky White and Omaha Hicks last night over near your street. But they won't talk."

"That's where I have the advantage. My man will talk like a twelve-inch phonograph record if we get him suddenly."

"I don't care who I pinch," acquiesced the policeman.

So they walked over to the boarding house of Mrs. Malachi and arrested the dapper front room tenant, Mr. Trine.

"It's an outrage," Trine asserted convincingly as they led him to the patrol wagon. "I shall see that the law takes care of the persons responsible for this."

But when he found himself face to face with one Dinky White and a certain Omaha Hicks in the central station, the protection of his rights did not seem to be half so important.

"I wish to speak to the lieutenant at once," he announced hastily. "I have some information that may prove useful."

Dinky and Omaha read the signs in the light of past experience.

"Knew that bird'd squawk," declared Mr. Hicks. "I want to see the lieutenant before he does."

"Me too," seconded Mr. White.

Thirty minutes later the three were locked in the drippy fastnesses of the local bastille charged with the robbery of the Lakeside Jewelry Company and Policeman Rourke had been credited with the most important catch of the season.

Jimmy Clark and the policeman walked out of the station together.

"But the rug," ruminated Rourke as they reached the sidewalk. "This thing's got me all jimmied up. I start out to make a pinch on one case an' I finish up with another."

Clark smiled. "The rug was the clue to the whole business," he said. "Last night Trine offered me fifty dollars for it. I figured he knew more than he was telling about but I didn't get on to the trail until I analyzed some stuff that had been spilled on the rug."

"I knew that Trine worked in the Lakeside Jewelry Company's place and I knew that the Lakeside Jewelry Company was robbed last week. A rug was missing from their workroom. Remember? Probably the thieves took the rug to bundle their heavy loot in and let it get into Markovitz's hands, not suspecting its value until they came to make their split with Trine. That rug had been in the workroom for fifteen years and like every other old rug in a place where gold is moulded and polished it's full of valuable dust."

The policeman took off his hat and scratched his head. From the street wafted the pungent odor of burned gasoline and oil, the perfumes of the modern Bagdad.

Martinelli

(Continued from page 6)

tended in his hand waved as though in a breeze. I took him out and tried to buck him up, patted him on the back and told him to wait until we all had shaken down into the run of things. I was as frightened as he was, though I tried hard not to show it. His fingers were so agitated as he put his precious

paper back that he could hardly button his blouse.

I never saw him after that. The next morning I heard some of the runners talking together in headquarters about a show the Boche had put on earlier in the day. It seems he had peppered our front lines with great



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accuracy, and that at the first shell everyone had taken to the dugouts. Martinelli, caught in a forward observation post, was as usual the last one to enter the hole, and the second shell falling in the trench had cut his leg off at the thigh. No, they didn't seem to think he had lived—thought he had bled to death up there before they could get him back. Someone who saw it said it was a nasty mess.

LAST October the vicissitudes of peace took me into a little village of the Maritime Alps twenty miles inland from the Mediterranean, and near the Italian-French frontier. My train from Genoa was late, and the one which was to take me across the border had left, so there was nothing to do but put up at the Hotel des Voyageurs and wait until the next day. It was a typical Italian mountain village—stone houses with red tiled roofs, a few peasants with vivid sashes around their waists lounging in front of the local wine shop, and all about gray masses of rock rising into the evening sky. After dinner I went out to look the place over, and had gone hardly five steps when a familiar fat figure came hobbling toward me on a crutch. It could not be—but it was—Martinelli.

There he was, the same old Martinelli as he related how he had been carried to the rear that hot July day, mangled and unconscious, how his leg had at last been amputated and his life saved. But he was changed. Despite his crutch he carried himself as never he had before, and there was an air of authority in his voice. We walked arm in arm down the street, and excited as I was, I noticed the way he was addressed by the groups on the corner and the people who passed us by. They raised their hats with respect; they spoke to Martinelli, calling him signor; there was an air of deference in their glances that showed me he was a great man in Viareggio. How great I was to find out later on that night.

We sat out on the little stone porch in the rear of his house, a grapevine over our heads, the rocky peaks rising on every side, and a newly-opened bottle of Asti on the table. He had always intended to revisit Italy, which he had left as a boy, he explained, and the compensation he received made this possible, for changed into lira his monthly check made him a rich man in this little village of his ancestors, where people with difficulty made a living out of the vineyards ranged in terraces on the mountain side, or in less legitimate ways by smuggling goods from France into Italy over the torturous paths of these Alpine peaks. But it was not until I returned to the hotel after a promise to spend several days with him that I discovered from the patrone that I had been drinking with no less a personage than His Honor the Mayor of the Commune.

The patrone's English was worse than my French, but bit by bit the story came out. It was 1920 when Martinelli returned to the land of his fathers, a time when the country was swept from one end to the other by a wave of communistic feeling. The Fascisti were beginning to organize. The movement spread, especially in the large cities, but up in the provinces its effect was negligible, and last fall, when the Fascisti swept on Rome, replacing the government and demanding the control of parliament, its only effect in the

little mountain villages of the north was to leave the authorities without the right to govern, and yet for awhile substituting no other power. In the interim a body of the bolder and more lawless elements from the mountains descended upon Viareggio and demanded money. There was no finesse about the demand—they simply asked for the right to loot the government treasury, which remained in the local town hall, a building also sheltering the post office and the police station.

There were nearly a hundred of them, smugglers and mountaineers; strong, determined, well armed. The local Carabinieri, or police force, consisted of four men, and the existing mayor had discovered business in Genoa when the brigands' approach was imminent. At an appointed time the bandits marched in a body on the city hall, and having first cut the sole telegraph wire to the outside world, they battered on the big wooden door—the marks are visible today—and demanded admittance. Then, on the balcony which projected out over the door, shuttered windows opened and a fat figure on a crutch appeared.

Threateningly they raised rifles, but the figure never flinched. Hobbling forward to the railing, the cripple told them to go home, that the treasury belonged to the people of Italy and that he was there to protect it. Jeers and shouts. A ladder was placed against the balcony and the leader of the band, a deserter from the army and a notorious smuggler, started to climb. His face had just appeared over the railing of the porch when Martinelli drew a revolver from his pocket and fired. The body fell from the ladder with a crash.

Right here the little Italian showed his greatest nerve. At the death of their leader a cry arose from below, and half of the band rushed to the back of the square to get a shot at the little man above. But he forestalled them. With the aid of his crutch he climbed on to the low parapet, and standing there, balancing his fat figure with the wooden stick and looking boldly down into the muzzles of a hundred upturned rifles, he shouted, "Now kill!"

It was dramatic, if you like, stagey—it was Italian, foreign, yet the man stood there before them unafraid. Whatever the queer unconscious feeling that had held sway over him while he was in the Army, whatever it was that terrorized him in those faraway days, it frightened him no more. Everything was wiped from his mind but the fact that he alone in the village dared do this thing, that he was protecting the goods of the people from the will of a mob, that but for him the taxes which these poor villagers had wrung with infinite labor from the rocks of the mountainside would be plunder for a band of outlaws.

Perhaps in a cooler-blooded country this superb gesture might have passed unnoticed. Not so in Italy. Viareggio fell before him, the band dispersed, and at the elections three weeks later he was elected mayor of the commune. Impossible, unbelievable, but, as the old innkeeper said to me, hands extended wide: "It is I who tell you, Signor, I who saw these things myself."

There was a look of incredulity in my eyes—something, anyway, which made him add:

"And after all, Signor, one can but offer one's life for what one believes to be right."

By Way of Moscow and Berlin

(Continued from page 10)

Czar. The American demand for propaganda from Berlin declines simultaneously. Russian and Ukrainian language papers still publish some of Radek's editorials, but the call to rise and smite the capitalists is not so loud. Word has gone out from Moscow that the United States is not to be urged to join the revolutionary movement immediately. The leaders seem to have made the interesting discovery that the situation in Russia does not make good sales talk for revolution.

The reaction against Bolshevism has set in, and the tide rises. The future in Russia may be better and brighter, but that will not change the fact that Lenin and Trotzky have failed to perform the promise of 1918. Terrible deeds were done in Russia in the name of necessity, in the name of liberty for the masses. After five years it appears that the masses have no liberty and not much bread; what they have is a minority dictatorship and, according to observers, the finest army in the world.

SO far, in dealing with the attitude of the foreign-born and their newspapers toward the attempts to establish democracy in the Old World, I have not carefully separated the conservative sheep from the radical goats. The reason, as I have tried to show, is that for a time there was a widespread interest among all sections of the foreign-born in what was happening in their native lands. There never was a time when they regarded those happenings with unanimity of opinion.

Yet it has been the practice in America to regard the foreign-born and his newspapers as entirely radical, and to treat them as such. Such friction as now exists between the foreign-born and us who regard ourselves as simon pure Americans comes from the failure to distinguish between the red, so-called, and the red, white and blue. The fact is, the foreign language press splits into just as many subdivisions as the American language press; it is Republican, Democratic, Independent, religious, literary, educational, agricultural, as well as I. W. W., Socialist, Communist, and Anarchist. Its special interests are as varied as the interests of humanity.

So far from regarding Bolshevism with unanimous favor, the German language press as a unit regards that philosophy of government just about as favorably as the *Boston Transcript* or the *New York Tribune*; the one notable exception is the *Volkszeitung*, of New York, an old German Socialist paper turned Communist. The *Forward*, Jewish Socialist, though it is still in sympathy with the underlying purposes of the Russian revolution, is one of the most vigorous critics of present conditions in that country.

The Russian press wonders whether the Soviet government is a blessing, a passing show, a plain nuisance, or a tragic cataclysm; whether Russia is a government of workers and peasants or something approaching a revival of the old autocracy. Those points are going to cause speculation for some time, but it is safe to assert that the fate of America does not depend on the conclusion.

At the moment the situation in the south of Europe overshadows the sit-

uation in Russia, and the natural interest of the foreign language paper in racial backgrounds is clearly and significantly reflected in the Greek and Italian press. The Greek is a more enthusiastic politician than any other immigrant, and he retains his interest in politics in the mother country to the end. But is he united? Hardly.

The two most influential Greek papers in this country are *Atlantis* and the *Greek National Herald*. The former is royalist and supports Constantine. The latter supports Venizelos and agitates for a republican form of government. But the difference of opinion is no friendly editorial disagreement; it is personal and deadly.

A former subject of Constantine explained the situation to me.

"The *New York Herald* supports President Harding just as consistently as the *New York World* opposes him," he said by way of illustration. "But I think that at a meeting of publishers or some similar occasion you might find Mr. Pulitzer and Mr. Munsey sitting side by side and talking amicably—in fact, they did that very thing only the other day. But not so with the editors and owners of *Atlantis* and the *Greek National Herald*. I doubt if you could get them into the same room together. I think that if one paper announced that black was black, the other would declare that black was white."

The Greek readers take sides with their papers and everybody has a good time, but the fate of America does not tremble in the balance while the battle of words rages. If the element of radicalism enters, it has to do with events in the land of Socrates.

What about the radical section of the foreign language press, then? Well, I could answer more satisfactorily if I knew a standard definition of a radical. Generally speaking he is a person who holds an extreme point of view; but in that case what is the status of a Socialist who regards the Communists as radicals? I went to the dictionary on this issue, and the most illuminating information I found there was that after the Civil War the South regarded the Republican party as radical.

What I have to say hereafter, however, may be considered to apply to I. W. W., Communist, Anarchist and some, but not all, Socialist organs. Papers of this type are still with us, and have even increased in number, according to the Department of Justice, since those harassed days of raids and confiscations immediately after the war. They still invoke the millennium, too; but since Russia seems to have backslid their invocations sound a little hollow.

They do harp consistently and with considerable unanimity on the general strike, and to that end they make good use of the present period of unrest in the United States. They see the railroad and mine troubles, all labor troubles, as concrete evidence of the growing breach between capital and labor. They rail at the American Federation of Labor, which they refer to as "the tool of Wall Street," and command the workingman to become class conscious and present a united front to his iniquitous employer.

"General strike? One big union?" inquires Carlo Tresca, editor of the



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Take this week's copy in your hand and look it over carefully, go back three years and compare it with the little magazine of then. Is it not something to be proud of? Do you not feel the spirit of possession and ownership as it rests in your hand? It is a magazine which you as an individual can carry forward to first place in the Big Four weeklies of America.

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The American Legion Weekly looks forward on this fresh New Year upon a field of promise. In its three and one-half years it has accomplished as much as other magazines have done in forty. Every issue will be an improvement over the last. It is the job of those of us in the office to make it the best magazine in America and we have devoted ourselves sincerely to that task, and it is your duty as a reader-owner and Legionnaire in the field to carry The American Legion Weekly and the principles of The American Legion into every corner of your community.

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Italian Anarchist weekly, *Il Martello*. "Tomorrow when we shall have pulled down the most solid trench of capitalism, the American Federation of Labor."

"The thought of a general strike is this weapon which has become manifest among broad ranks, in spite of all soothing efforts of the trade union pashas," says *Uj Elore*, Hungarian Communist daily. "The workers want to employ this weapon. They demand that it be employed. . . . The mass has issued the password that the terror of the government must be answered by a general strike. The demand for a general strike is so strong that they are earnestly embarrassed at Washington."

A reference to armed airplanes for government service gives the editor of *A Munkas*, Hungarian Socialist labor paper, a chance to fulminate thus: "We are not surprised at all if the capitalists invent new murderous machines. They are compelled to do this by necessity, by the fear of death. It is the task of the working class to dismantle these machines. . . . Of course the workers will not be able to do this as long as the present system exists. That is why the workers must organize and unite in a big industrial union in order to overthrow the rule of the capitalists and continue peaceful production under the régime of the workers."

I wonder what the editor of *A Munkas* thinks of Russia's fine army.

These fiery utterances have a familiar sound. I heard them years ago as a reporter. I heard them so often that I can repeat them word for word without the book; but I won't because I'm tired of them. I wonder if readers of radical papers do not get tired of them, too.

Give some of these editors credit for a good deal of sincerity; still, much of the stuff they preach sounds to me like a meaningless formula, a mumbling of abracadabra. Even the fieriest revolutionist cannot outgrow human nature. In time he becomes wise, circumspect and sedentary. He repeats the old speeches, but with different intonations. When the revolution prospers the radical editor makes his living by giving the revolutionary devil his due; when the revolution wanes, he continues to mumble the old phrases and hangs on to his job. Some men are radicals because it makes them feel superior. There is no snob like a radical snob; he is the most superior fellow in the world. He knows exactly what the world needs, and unless the world gives him a chance to try his remedy, that is a most comforting thought to hold.

How many radical papers are published in the United States no one can tell with certainty. The Department of Justice a few months ago listed 227 foreign language publications as such; but it was admitted at the time that it would be impossible to say just how many of that number were published regularly, or in the near future would be published at all. Their circulations are equally unknown, but membership in Communist organizations is declining, and that means something to Communist and allied papers.

Many of these papers are kept alive by assessments on members of the radical party that they represent. Some are published underground, just as the Communist Party in the United States is forced to work underground. They come and go; the mortality rate is high,

because they are organs of propaganda rather than of news, and that policy does not build a sound and widely influential newspaper. They seem to be intensely in earnest, but they hurt their cause by their stark seriousness, their utter lack of humor, of a sense of proportion. All is always black to your thoroughgoing radical editor; the world goes to the devil because it will not adopt his particular panacea for the ills of mankind.

In the ceaseless play of human forces, by struggle and compromise, man works out his destiny. If he craves a brighter destiny than America seems to offer at present he will get it in time, but if he is wise he will not be dazzled by the glittering generalities which the radical editor dangles before his eyes. The promises look fine, but they do not always come true. See Russia.

The radical newspaper has received entirely too much attention in the United States, and the foreign language press as a whole has suffered thereby. There are approximately 14,000,000 foreign-born in the United States today. Three million cannot read our language, and another three million can neither speak nor read it. Six million, then, are entirely dependent on foreign language newspapers for printed news of the day. For the news of the day, of the New World and the Old World, they depend upon some 1,200 publications printed in forty-odd languages and dialects.

If you want to accept the figures of the Department of Justice as to the number of radical papers published in the country, then they are outnumbered five to one. Today, I think, the proportion is much greater.

If it appears that the foreign-born reader is considerably interested in affairs in the Old World, why should we get excited about that? So are you and I interested in events over there, and we shall continue to be; it is one of the things the war did for us. In the meantime we continue to be vitally interested in affairs at home, and so does the foreign-born. His newspapers reflect that interest; the best of them, if you disregard the unfamiliar type, are as like our American language paper as Mr. Goldberg's Mike is like Ike.

The practice of regarding the immigrant as a tough problem requiring heroic treatment has made a good deal of trouble. He came here not entirely because America is the haven of the oppressed; for years he has been coming here because industry wanted his strong arms and because steamship companies made it easy for him to take the trip. The foreigner knows that, and he thinks, and rightly, that he should be regarded as something more than a necessary evil, an unfortunate consequence of our sentimental interest in the downtrodden.

Assimilation cannot be forced down his throat. The process must be a natural growth from within. Subtly and almost unconsciously he must be brought into harmony with the best American traditions, and at the same time he must not be forced to discard those native qualities which can enrich our own life. America has not a monopoly of the virtues.

There is in New York City an organization which seems to me to be approaching the immigrant in a way best calculated to bring about the desirable degree of Americanization. It

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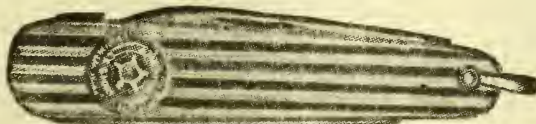
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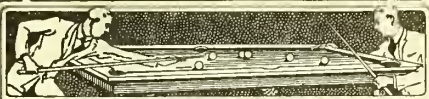
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is called the Foreign Language Information Service, and it is an outgrowth of the war. America had to get its war message to millions who could not speak or read the American language. The draft and registration and the Liberty Loans, with their complex details, had to be explained. For this work the Committee on Public Information enlisted men and women of foreign birth or descent who had the confidence of their people and the ability to interpret the nation's needs.

The service performed by this news bureau was admittedly so effective that it was not permitted to disband after the Armistice. The Foreign Language Information Service today, supported by public subscriptions, distributes information concerning the United States to about 800 foreign language newspapers having more than 6,000,000 readers. A somewhat similar work is carried on by the Inter-Racial Council.

The Foreign Language Information Service performs a double service, in fact; it distributes news of the foreign-born to the American language newspaper, and news of America to the foreign language newspaper. Both functions are important, but the latter is particularly noteworthy because what the foreign-born reader gets is not offensive propaganda but helpful facts. Facts about the government and

its laws; facts about naturalization procedure; facts from the Department of Agriculture to help the man with his farm and his garden; facts for the immigrant mother from the United States Public Health Service.

It is the difference between saying: "You must do thus and so in America," and "Thus and so we do it in America"—the difference between the foolish method and the wise. What helps the immigrant in his daily life is helping him by sure and subtle means to become an American.

"OUR country offers to the world the best human government that has ever been invented by human kind. She offers the greatest and best opportunities for individual advancement. And for all this she requests from the people, those that live here and those that come here to live, obedience to the law and respect for the Constitution."

It is the editor of *Glas Svoboda* speaking to his Slovene readers in the United States. And that is a good note, because these editors often talk that way, on which to close this discussion of the foreign language press of the United States.

[This is the last of three articles by Mr. Whitney on the foreign language press in the United States.]

In the Hour of Desperate Need

(Continued from page 11)

served their country in war, and now were mobilized for emergency service.

Hoskins had his civilian guard on duty in a matter of minutes. The next day he reorganized all the guards à la militaire. Legionnaires were sergeants of the guard. Their service received mention in the report which army engineers sent the authorities at Washington on the disaster. One detail of guards watched the city's entrances, keeping out additional hungry mouths, keeping out the idly curious, and especially keeping out the throngs of suspicious characters that swarmed, vulture-like, toward the stricken municipality with the evident intention of looting where they could.

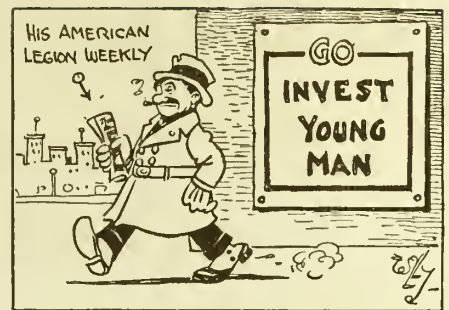
Of course this piece of guard duty was the outstanding feature of Clatsop Post's work. But other organizations were busy, and the outstanding feature of what they did was the work of Legionnaires. The Elks were prominent. Their exalted ruler was Walter Fetig, Legionnaire. The Kiwanis Club was busy. So was the Rotary Club. Legionnaires were prominent in both outfits. Legion doctors—practically every young physician or surgeon in town is a Legionnaire, and many of the old ones, too—were armed to the teeth with iodine and C.C.'s and doctored with the kitchen details, holding gratuitous sick call every morning.

And Clatsop Post itself? Clatsop Post had just started after its 1923 membership cards. It had been signing them over for this year's cruise. Lyle L. Trimble, retiring adjutant of the post, had his books in the American Railway Express Company's office, where he works. With the rear of the office afire, he started after his post's records. He saved the minute book, the membership cards, and the 1923 receipt books.

Aside from those absolute essentials, the post lost all its possessions in the fire, including its charter, its post and national flags, and its furniture. The fire occurred on a Friday, so the comedy which was being rehearsed for the next Monday and Tuesday had to be postponed indefinitely. But Legionnaires won't let other Legionnaires go altogether unassisted when the others are losing their own goods by helping their home town. Portland Post sent Clatsop Post \$250, and other posts and individuals sent sums of from \$150 down. Will the post use the money to get back its burned furniture? It will not. The post finance officer has it, and will use it for Legion relief work among veterans.

Then—but we almost forget the Boy Scouts. Clatsop Post is sponsor for Scout Troop No. 1 of Astoria. By nine o'clock of the morning of the fire—while the fire was still going on—Scout Executive Ralph Stevens, Legionnaire, reported to his post commander for orders. He was told to assemble the boys and put them at the disposition of those who were handling the relief. Within a few hours seventy-five boys were organized for work. They acted as messengers and as waiters at the emergency kitchens. They served coffee to Legion guards at midnight when one of the worst storms of the winter was raging along the waterfront. They directed people to relief stations. They earned a place for themselves in Astoria's history second only to that which the Legion will always hold.

And in doing what they did, the Scouts lost out in their own drive for next year's funds. Astoria's business men cannot help in the organization, now. So Clatsop Post has decided to help that cause, too.



Buddy Does His Banking in the Sand

Back in the days when Buddy handled a careful hand grenade, he also handled his cash with extreme care.

Lamp Buddy's financial status:

Monthly earnings.	\$30.
Allotments.	\$15.
Liberty Bonds.	\$10.
Lost blouse, dog tag, boot or sompen.	\$ 2.98
	<hr/>
	\$27.98 27.98

Buddy's Income. \$ 2.02

On pay-day Buddy took his two smackers and the coppers, paid off his borrowings, including canteen money, bought the little things he needed—some of them—and shot the other 15 cents in a crap game.

People outside the pale of the pupents may draw a hasty conclusion and call Buddy a spendthrift. To err is human. The liberty bonds, count 'em, were all the time going back to the home waters where they were duly deposited in Buddy's name.

Thus Buddy, a lowly rear ranker in the fourth platoon, was, in his own way, saving for a rainy day. But he wasn't set for the cloudburst that followed the armistice.

He learned to save. The lesson sunk deeper into his skull than the company barber's clippers. In his early days in France, when he got three extra pieces of pocket ballast for foreign service, he did toss coins to mademoiselle and walk away while said damsel gathered in the change.

If Buddy worried along on \$2.02 per month as a brave, he must be hoarding to-day when his earnings have gone up faster than a general's pupent.

But to-day Buddy must bury his jack in a sand lot—no big advertisers of high-grade investments now use the columns of his Weekly. If he can find investment it will be in the dictionary.

Your Weekly wants to show financial advertisers, only those who are in every way reliable, that Legionnaires and Auxiliary members are very much interested in sound investments. Many financial advertisers tell us that we

are still the happy-go-lucky crowd that sung out so the neighbors could hear, "let's go," "when do we eat," and went over the bases inquiring about hell, heaven and Hoboken.

Clip and mail the coupon. State what particular type of investment you are interested in whether you believe this type would appeal to other Legionnaires.

Cash in on the coupon. Invest in the dotted lines. This proof of reader interest has proved a big money maker for our Weekly.

To the Advertising Manager,
627 West 43d St., New York City

I would like to see advertised with us the following banking and investment firms:

Give reasons

This coupon is for all Legionnaires and Auxiliary Members to fill out. But if you are a dealer or salesman handling this line, please indicate by check mark dealer salesman

Name.

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OUR DIRECTORY

These Advertisers support us—Let's reciprocate. And tell them so by saying, when you write—"I saw your ad in

AUTOS & AUTO ACCESSORIES

Chevrolet Motor Co.
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VVVVThe Pathfinder Pub. Co. 24
VVPelton Pub. Co. Back Cover

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VVVVComer Mfg. Co.
VVJennings Mfg. Co.
VVVLightning Calculator Co.
VVMac-O-Chee Mills. 30
VMadison Shirt Co. 23
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VSanta Fe Railway.
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VVVStandard Food & Fur Co.
VStuart & Co.
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ENTERTAINMENT

VVT. S. Denison & Co. 30
VROYAL Sals Co.

FOOD PRODUCTS

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INSURANCE

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INVESTMENTS

VG. L. Miller Bond & Mortgage Co.

JEWELRY, INSIGNIA, MEMORIALS

VVVVAmerican Legion Emblem Division. 29
VVVBurlington Watch Co.
VVVDe Roy & Sons.
VVVB. Gutter & Sons.
VJ. M. Lyon & Co.
VE. Richwine & Co.
VVVVSanta Fe Watch Co.

"BE IT RESOLVED, that with a firm belief in the value of our magazine—THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY—as a national advertising medium; with the realization that due to limited subscription price and constantly increasing cost of production, the improvements which we desire to see in it will only be made possible through increased advertising revenue—and that increased advertising revenue depends primarily upon our support of advertisers in the WEEKLY—we hereby pledge our support and our patronage, as individuals, and as an organization, to those advertisers who use the columns of our official magazine—THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY."

Resolution passed unanimously at the Second National Convention of The American Legion.

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VMusterole Co.
VVisoan's Liniment.

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VVVCuett, Peabody & Co.
VThe Florsheim Shoe Co.
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VPublic Trading Co. 27
VVReliance Mfg. Co.
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VWilson Brothers.

MISCELLANEOUS

VBelle City Incubator Co. 27
VCoile & Co.
VJung Arch Brace Co. 24
VMarvel Mfg. Co. 25
VOriental Exchange. 27
VPhiladelphia Key Co.
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VWisconsin Incubator Co.

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VWJ. L. Jackson. 25
VVVVVLacey & Lacey. 27

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VVVVF. W. Tamllyn.
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VH. W. Buckbee.
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We do not knowingly accept false or fraudulent advertising, or any advertising of an objectionable nature. See "Our Platform," issue of December 22, 1922. Readers are requested to report promptly any failure on the part of an advertiser to make good any representation contained in an advertisement in THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY.

Advertising rates: \$3.00 per agate line. Smallest copy accepted, 14 lines (1 inch). THE ADVERTISING MANAGER, 627 West 43d Street, N. Y. City.

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Money talks! No matter what business you're in, or how much you are earning, I absolutely GUARANTEE you at least \$1,000 value within one year—or it won't cost you a cent! If you want the proof—entirely free—simply mail the coupon below.

By A. L. Pelton

"The Man Who Helps People Succeed"



WITHOUT wasting a single word I'll come straight to the point! I've discovered a method that is performing wonders for those who follow it. It isn't a secret! Thousands of the world's greatest men have used it and are using this method to bring them wealth—fame—happiness! But now, for the first time, it's been put down in black and white—so that anybody who has learned to read and write can use it to bring him almost anything he wants.

No longer need you be content with an ordinary job at an ordinary salary! Here's a new, easy, positive way to achieve the kind of success you have always wanted! I'll show you how to acquire the remarkable power to do the work you like and earn more money than perhaps you ever dreamed of, and I absolutely guarantee that it will bring at least \$1,000 value the first year—or it won't cost you a cent!

Let me repeat—it isn't a secret! It's been used thousands of times. Only now it's put down on paper, in plain every-day English so anybody with ordinary intelligence can follow it and make a great deal of money! If you want to know how this method works let's take some actual examples.

A Few Actual Examples

John Watson was born "helpless in body," and has never been able to walk a step. His parents were poor. He had very little schooling. Yet, despite his handicaps, Watson—that's not his real name, although every word here is true—has become a very rich man. He owns a huge factory in Louisville, Kentucky, and is consulting engineer for many concerns at \$100 an hour! Only recently he turned down a \$40,000 a year job. He's a wonderful artist, an orator, an inventor and a lawyer. He had only a brain to start with, yet he has won great wealth, fame and happiness!

You may think Watson was a genius. Then how about Wrigley, the chewing gum king? He started as a poor newsboy in Chicago and now makes many times more money in a day than thousands of people earn in a year! How about Douglas, the millionaire shoeman who was a shoemaker's helper? I could mention thousands of others.

Read your history and you will find that the very men you know best—Napoleon, Grant, Lincoln, and countless others—became famous by using this simple method. Yet you, too, possess the magic that made millions for Rockefeller, Vanderbilt, Sabin, Schwab and Edison! The ease with which you'll climb in business and in private life will seem almost miraculous once you learn to use it.

Anyone Can Use It

You don't need to have a college education to use this method to great advantage. If you can only read and write you have the proper qualifications to make this marvelous discovery unlock the doors to the world's greatest treasures! You can learn it in a surprisingly short time. And the minute you learn it, you become more *forceful, persuasive, confident*. You think *better, clearer, quicker*. Your success becomes *rapid—sure—easy*. You'll astonish your friends and yourself as well!

Today thousands of men and women are using this method to bring them wealth, power, happiness. Results are astounding! Clerks are becoming executives almost over night. Salesmen are doubling and tripling their commissions. It's a definite—sure way. Adding twenty, thirty, or forty, even a hundred dollars a week to a man's salary is not at all unusual. This new method for success cannot fail if carefully followed. That's why I absolutely guarantee you \$1,000 value the very first year!

Will you let me show you the easiest way in the world to get the things you want? I don't care what you want—whether it be money, health, power, fame, happiness! I'll show you how to get it! You won't guess—you'll know. In plain everyday language you'll be led step by step over all the obstacles that have held you back. You will be brought into a new land—where success is positive! You'll feel like a blind man who has just regained his eyesight! You lose your fears—worries—timidity. You acquire a lion's courage. Nothing daunts you—nothing stops you. The door opens—you enter and help yourself!

How It Works

The method is simple, too. One of the greatest psychologists the world has ever known, Prof. Frank Channing Haddock, has discovered, after years of patient research and study, certain things about success. He found that out of thousands of successful men and women, practically every one possessed certain fundamental characteristics or qualities which were directly responsible for their success. He found that once a person acquired such qualities as foresight, imagination, will-power, confidence, fearlessness, and thinking ability—his success in life was absolutely certain.

But even more important than this discovery was the astonishing discovery of how any man or woman

could easily and quickly and positively develop these characteristics. His whole method is embodied in his great new course "Mastery of Self," which already has performed thousands upon thousands of seeming miracles in bringing the people the success they have always longed for.

Free Book Tells How

I wish I had space enough to tell you all the wonderful things, "Mastery of Self" has done for thousands of people. But of course it is impossible, so we have written a new booklet—"The Power That Compels Success"—which is chock-full of all the things you want to know. This book will be a revelation to you. It will show you how to double your power of accomplishment—how to double your ability to think—how to banish your fears, self-consciousness, worries, timidity; how to acquire the courage to do seemingly impossible things—how to think straight—clearly—accurately. It contains some of the most fascinating and marvelous information you ever expected to read. This remarkable book is absolutely free. Send for it now. It may mean the turning point in your life. It will show you the new easy way to greater health—wealth—and happiness! Mail the coupon today. And remember my guarantee of at least \$1,000 value the very first year.

RESULTS

\$897.00 Profit First Week

"My first week's benefit in dollars is \$897." (Figure what his yearly profit would be)—F. W. Heistand, 916 Tribune Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Made \$500 in Five Days

"In five days' time, your method made me \$500."—G. C. Bennington, Centerton, O.

Worth \$15,000 and More

"Worth more than \$15,000 to me."—Oscar B. Sheppard.

Salary Jumped from \$150 to \$800

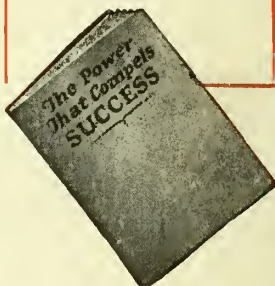
"Since I acquired the power, my salary has jumped from \$150 to \$800 a month."—J. F. Gibson, San Diego, Cal.

Would Be Worth \$100,000

"If I had only had it when I was 20 years old, would be worth \$100,000 today."—S. W. Taylor, The Santa Fe Ry., Milano, Tex.

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